

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



No. 241.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



MISS ALICE COOK.



## CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Circular Notes .....	625
Our Captious Critic amongst the Negroes .....	635
Cyprus .....	637
In Kent with the Hop-Pickers... 644	
Hunting Wild Deer on Exmoor 645	
The Belhus Hunters .....	632, 640
Mr. John Sheldon—Clerk of the Course .....	630
The Middle Park Sale..... 641	
Miss Alice Cook .....	625
A Race Meeting in India .....	625
Agricultural Show at Lancaster 633	
Agricultural Meeting at Svendsborg .....	633
A Royal Silver Wedding .....	633
Music Abroad..... 629	
Weekly Musical Review .....	630
Dramatic Notes of the Week .....	628
Musical Notes of the Week .....	628
Athletics, Aquatics, Cricket, &c. 633	
Turfians .....	632
Chess .....	644
Reviews .....	629
Answers to Correspondents .....	640
Past Racing..... 636	

Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Mlle. Stella Faustina, of the Promenade Concerts—Two pages of Sketches from the St. Leger, by J. Sturges—Outer-Hunting—The Interrupted Meal, by R. H. Moore—Pencillings from the Plays, by "Pen-and-pencilholder," embracing Sketches from the Aquarium, the Globe, the Britannia, and Park Theatres—A Yachting Sketch, by H. Tozer—Portrait of M. Alma-Tadema—"Bits from the Briny" at Cromer, by Dower Wilson—By the Neva, St. Petersburg—"Deserted," &c.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

LIKE all violent Republicans and Radicals, the Americans have a profound reverence for the ancient aristocracies of Europe. They worship the very ground upon which a live lord treads, and they mob him to death with their vulgar attentions. Having these funkeyish predi-

lections, it is a pity that our Yankee cousins do not invest in Debrett's "Peerage," and carefully study that sacred volume. They would then be spared the ignominy of being perpetually taken in by swindlers unawares. An impostor named Carr has just been impersonating Lord Ogilvy at Boston; and yet, although he has been detected, so rabid are the tuft-hunters of that city, that we hear they are all now rushing after "two English amateurs, Lord Allan Beaufery and Lady Clarissa Beaufery, who will probably make their first appearance at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia." Who are this Lord and Lady Beaufery? Debrett answers, "Who?"

standing even of a dog-fancier. Did the advertiser himself, I wonder, know what he wanted? If he did, I congratulate him on the lucid manner in which he has expressed himself.

THERE is terrible commotion among the housewives of Exeter. The female domestics have struck—not for an increase of wages, but simply because their mistresses insist upon them wearing those tiny circlets of muslin, or whatever the fabric may be, which are facetiously termed "caps." The servant-girls declare they will wear these badges of servitude no longer; "it makes them look old," they say. I am not well versed in these matters, but I think that if servants knew how becoming the said caps are to them they would not object to them. There is a lamentable want of taste in the lower orders. The young matrons of the upper orders know how charming they look in caps, and wear them accordingly. But the servant-girl evidently thinks that what suits the matron does not suit the maid.

THE spiritualists are becoming really too absurdly impudent. Here is a M. Gautier Senoz in Paris publishing an amended version of Racine's *Iphigénie*, which he declares he has taken down verbatim from the instructions of the spirit of Racine. If Racine really approves of these miserably bald and commonplace emendations, I can only say that the atmosphere of the spirit-world must have a very depressing effect upon the intellect.

THEN, again, a gentleman in London writes to say that his daughter, who has "lately developed into a medium," has been able to procure for him by the agency of spirits an important document which was in the possession of a third and hostile party. The spirit was bidden by the medium to fetch the document, and it meekly obeyed. "It was handed," says the narrator, "to my daughter by an invisible hand in our presence, not in the dark, but while there was light enough to permit reading." This is very marvellous, no doubt; but if spirits take to pilfering in this fashion they will get mediums into trouble. And I am afraid that British juries, while perhaps admitting that the articles were "spirited away," will hardly accept the allegation of spiritual agencies with "invisible hands" as a sufficient defence. For my own part, I confess that it pains me to find such loose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* prevailing in the spirit-world.

ROUND ROBIN.

## MISS ALICE COOK.

THIS lady, whose portrait, from a photograph by Mr. Vandeneide, of Regent-street, we have the pleasure of publishing in this number, was born at Stockwell, one of a musical family, being the sister of the well-known operatic singers Aynsley and Furneaux Cook. She began to study music at an early age under the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Meyer Lutz, of Mr. Sydney Naylor, and Madame Sainton Dolby. She entered the profession about six years ago at the Gaiety Theatre, under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead. Her voice is an excellent mezzo-soprano. Her first principal character was the title rôle in Offenbach's *La Périchole*. She has also played Wanda in Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* and Madame Lange in Lecocq's *Madame Angot*. Miss Cook has, however, attempted and succeeded in good parts in grand operas, such as Siebel in Guonod's *Faust*. Her principal successes have been in Alfred Cellier's *Nell Gwynne*, *The Tower of London*, and in the principal singing part in the last pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre. She is not also unknown as an acceptable singer in the concert room.

## A RACE MEETING IN INDIA.

A RACE course in India, as elsewhere, is generally the scene of a good deal of fun, and affords many a subject for an artist with a love for the humorous side of human nature. A race meeting in a small station, up country, where everyone has an animal going, with owners up, is often productive of more genuine amusement than some of the big meetings held at most large stations. We have our sporting "sub" with his stable of "casters," our sporting civil magnate, the racy doctor, and more frequently than in the old country, "our sporting padre." The course is often not much more than a sandy tract, on the out skirts of cantonments, with an unpretentious looking mud platform, which is "our grand stand." On the day of the races, the whole community, European and native, is early afield, wending its way to the course, some on foot, some on horseback, others in every description of wheeled vehicle, from the judge's barouche, to the perky and jerky little bamboo cart. The course is dotted here and there with tents, and a canvas awning has been put up on the mud erection I have alluded to, while at the back is pitched the mess tent of that most hospitable of hospitable regiments, the "Prince of Wales' own particular, Bengal Prancers." We'll just take a look round before the first race. Here comes a native professional, Ram Sing, buried in his cap and almost lost in his "Belatee tops." He is a nice light weight, but alas, hasn't much hands or head, and can't stand being hustled. Here's "our spin" just imported from home, with England's roses still freshly blooming on her cheek. She is evidently "all there," and doing brisk business in the glove line, with our sporting sub, who, poor boy, is head over heels, as indeed he has been half a dozen times since he joined. He'd ride at a 10 foot stone wall, to please this fair daughter of Eve. Here comes a ponderous elephant, with a cargo of lookers on, who certainly from their lofty perch have the best of it. There goes "Smith of ours," gorgeous in cherry-coloured satin, in his little bobtailed 12-2-tat, first favourite for the Polo Stakes; and there's Fitzdoodle, who has come over, just so that, aw! the thing may go off, haw! They are clearing the course, so we'll make our way towards that white earthen pot, known as a "chattie," which is inverted on a pole, and does duty as a winning post. They're off! a good start, our sporting griff, on "Drum Major," leading, Ram Sing, on "Chillumchee," a length behind. Here they come, kicking up a perfect cloud of dust; a second more, and they dash past, Ram Sing's arms and legs going like a windmill, amid loud cries of "Shabash, Shabash," from his dusky supporters. And so the morning wears on. We have our hurdle race, when two or three refractory ponies deposit their riders in front of them; up again, though, no bones broken; then comes something in the way of the inevitable refreshment, which a British-born subject, male or female, considers imperative to partake of; "our band" strikes up "God save the Queen," and as we light the fragrant weed, and fling ourselves back in our buggy, we are forced to admit as we homeward turn, that we have enjoyed "our meeting."

C. P.  
Almorah, 3rd August, 1878.

SCOTLAND, I hear, is to supply the fashionable beauty of next year, who is to eclipse, not only Mrs. Langtry, but even Mrs. Cornwallis West and the Countess of Lonsdale. She is tall and statuesque, with a glorious abundance of the real golden hair of the poets—which, I have no doubt, all the other women will contemptuously pronounce to be red—but for all that it isn't. I wonder who will be the unhappy being who will in this case occupy the humiliating position of "beauty's husband"?

Not that it is always a bad thing, by the way, to be "beauty's husband." For example, here is a case which goes to prove the contrary. When, a short time since, the young Akwund of Swat set out on his first grand sporting tour, he had occasion to pass not far from the residence of one Sherdil Khan, of Aladand, a disaffected chieftain, who had been banished by the late Akwund, and was still in disgrace. Sherdil Khan had married a wife renowned for her beauty. This young and lovely woman, hearing that the new sovereign was passing, came out from her retirement, threw herself at the feet of the young prince, and implored forgiveness for her husband. The susceptible young sportsman was so enchanted with the grace and beauty of the fair suppliant, and so affected by her tears, that he, with his own hand, raised her to her feet, and then and there granted her request. Sherdil Khan, at any rate, therefore, has reason to be thankful that he is "beauty's husband."

I HAVE often noted that there is more fun to be got out of the advertisement columns of the *Daily Telegraph* than out of any of the professedly comic journals. Here, for example, is an advertisement which appeared on Tuesday:—"Dog Wanted.—Wanted, a mongrel. Smooth hair, and small in size, brown in colour, long ears, short coat, in fact, a black-and-tan, only not black-and-tan, but brown. Must be warranted not to waver.—Apply to-morrow, at one o'clock, at \_\_\_\_\_. None but an experienced dog-fancier, I imagine, could decide what "a black-and-tan, only not black-and-tan, but brown," can be. As to the "wavering," that I am convinced would pass the under-





GREAT AGRICULTURAL FETE IN DENMARK.

## MUSIC.

## COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

MESSRS. GATTI's Promenade Concert season at Covent Garden approaches its termination, and will finally close next Saturday week, although it may be expected that the spirited *entrepreneurs* will open the house on Monday, the 30th instant, for their well-deserved "benefit." The history of the past week is one of continuous success. The audiences have been as numerous as ever, and the performances have been excellent. Owing to previous engagements many of the principal members of the orchestra were compelled to attend the Worcester Festival. Their posts have been filled by substitutes of such ability that the quality of the concerts has in no degree suffered, and Mr. Jensen (flute), Mr. Smith (oboe), Mr. Egerton (clarinet), and Mr. Saunders (ophicleide), have specially distinguished themselves.

Madame Montigny-Rémaury commenced a second engagement here on Saturday last, and was warmly greeted on her appearance in the orchestra. She is unquestionably a pianiste of exceptional ability. Of technical resources she is an absolute mistress, and the intellectuality of her playing is even more remarkable than her executive power. She plays no tricks with the time or the score, yet in everything she plays she impresses her personal individuality. Her repertory is chiefly composed of classic masterpieces, but she has shown herself a brilliant interpreter of lighter pianoforte music, and whatever she plays is so well played that she obtains enthusiastic applause.

On Monday last the "Pastoral" Symphony (No. 6) of Beethoven was performed in a style which reflected great credit on the fine band, and on Mr. Arthur Sullivan's skill as a conductor. The large audience listened to the symphony with evident delight, and every movement was followed by hearty applause. The vocalists were Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and M. Brocolini; the solo instrumentalists Madame Montigny-Rémaury and M. Paul Viardot.

The programme of the "classical" concert on Wednesday last was in its way a model. It commenced with Cherubini's orchestral masterpiece, the overture to *Anacreon*. No 2 was the aria, "Il mio tesoro," from *Il Don Giovanni*, sung by Mr. McGuckin. No. 3, Schubert's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss Edith Abell. No. 4, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, with Madame Montigny-Rémaury as pianiste. No. 5, "On Wings of Song" (Mendelssohn), sung by Mr. McGuckin; and No. 6, Mozart's Symphony in E flat. Here was a programme which might serve for a Philharmonic Society's Concert, and it was executed in a manner worthy of any society. The overture and the symphony were admirably played, and the Schumann concerto derived new lustre from the brilliant and sympathetic interpretation of it by Madame Montigny-Rémaury. Miss Edith Abell sang the "Ave Maria" in thoroughly artistic style, and Mr. McGuckin sang his songs delightfully, especially the "Wings of Song" (Aus Flugeln des Gesanges), which was heartily applauded. The second part of the concert was composed of "miscellaneous" selections, the "classical" music being, as usual on these occasions, confined to the first half of the evening. Some persons are so unreasonable as to urge that at the Wednesday concerts, classical music should alone be performed during the entire evening. Surely two hours of such music ought to satisfy any reasonable appetite, and it should be remembered that the mind, like the body, can only digest a limited quantity of solid aliment within a given time. As a matter of fact, there are many hundreds of amateurs who attend these Wednesday concerts expressly for the sake of the classical selections, which generally conclude about ten o'clock. After having enjoyed a musical banquet of the most delightful kind—composed of choice dainties, well-dressed and served—they depart quite content, and not at all disposed to begrudge to later stayers the lighter refreshment which is furnished during the remainder of the evening. It would be most injudicious on Mr. Arthur Sullivan's part if he were to alter arrangements which have thus far worked well, although they may be unsatisfactory to a few musical gluttons who care more for degustation than for digestion.

The "English Music" concerts on Friday nights have continued to attract immense audiences. At the concert given last night (too late for notice this week), Miss Mary Davies, Mr. McGuckin, M. Paul Viardot and Madame Montigny Rémaury were to appear. The last-named artist displayed a sentiment which did her honour in selecting for this "English" concert the beautiful but very difficult pianoforte caprice by Sterndale Bennett, which she committed to memory in the short space of two days! This gifted pianiste will play to-night at Covent Garden for the last time this season, but we shall cherish the hope that she may hereafter be a frequent visitor to our shores.

At the classical concert on Monday next Beethoven's seventh symphony will be performed. On Wednesday next, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony will be performed; Mr. Santley will make his second appearance and Madame Rose Hersee will sing for the last time this season.

We have only to add a warm recognition of the good taste displayed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan in the arrangement of his programmes, and of the masterly skill with which he directs the excellent band. He has received valuable aid from Mr. Alfred Cellier, and the accompagneurs, MM. Marlois and Barrett, have also rendered good service. Musical amateurs should bear in mind that the season will last only two weeks longer, and that at the end of this month the existing band will be dispersed.

## ALEXANDRA PALACE OPERAS.

The lovers of music who dwell in the northern districts of London are indebted to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts for the liberality and enterprise which they have displayed in establishing a series of "Saturday Night Operas." Among the eminent English operatic artists who have been engaged may be named Madames Rose Hersee and Blanche Cole, Mdlles. Lucy Franklin and Palmer, MM. J. W. Turner, George Perren, Parkinson, and Ludwig. The choristers have been numerous and efficient, the stage business has been entrusted to the able management of Mr. T. H. Friend, the full band of the palace has been employed, and has, when necessary, been reinforced by extra performers, and Mr. Frederic Archer has conducted the performances with rare ability. In fact, it would be difficult to provide more exemplary representations of English opera than those which are now given every Saturday night at the Alexandra Palace to the delight of audiences averaging between three and four thousand visitors.

The first series of these "Saturday Night Operas" proved so successful that a further series has been arranged, commencing on Saturday last, when Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed, and attracted the largest audience of the season. The heroine was impersonated by Madame Rose Hersee, whose graceful and unaffectedly pathetic acting, and finished vocalisation, were rewarded with enthusiastic applause. Her sympathetic voice, which has latterly gained a considerable increase of richness and power, was heard to great advantage in the sestett of the bridal scene, and the final D flat was a brilliant note. In the great scena of the last act her acting was refined and pathetic, and she sang the florid passages with a fluency of execution which could hardly be excelled—introducing staccato embellishments,

extending to E and F in alt, and singing them without the slightest appearance of effort. The Edgardo was Mr. George Perren, whose voice has lost some of its pristine power, but whose singing is always artistic. Mr. Ludwig, the only operatic barytone who at present appears likely to take the place vacated by Mr. Santley, impersonated Henry Ashton for the first time in London. He was evidently nervous, but the fine quality of his voice produced its customary effect, and he sang with a finish of style which elicited warm applause. Mr. George Harvey (Arthur), Mr. Marler (Raymond), and Mrs. Sharp (Alice), rendered good services, and the audience bestowed applause and recalls with great heartiness.

This evening Gounod's *Faust* will be performed, with a strong cast, including the accomplished Madame Blanche Cole as Margherita, Mr. J. W. Turner as Faust, and Mr. Ludwig as Valentine; conductor, Mr. Frederic Archer.

Mr. Charles Hallé will, on Monday next, make his first appearance this season at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

Miss Julia Woolf has been commissioned to write an overture to *The Winter's Tale*, which is in preparation at Drury Lane Theatre.

Miss Anna Eyre is engaged by Mr. Riviere for his series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, commencing October 5th.

Mr. Riviere is in Paris, seeking attractions for his ensuing concerts at Covent Garden.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company on Saturday last concluded a highly-successful engagement at the new Theatre Royal, Bristol. The *Bristol Mercury* speaks warmly in favour of the new barytone, Mr. Leslie Crotty, a native of Dublin, who has recently joined the company, and bestows high praise on the general excellence of the performances given under Mr. Carl Rosa's direction.

Her Majesty's Opera Company are performing at Dublin, *en route* for America.

Our Paris correspondent informs us that the nightly receipts at the Gaîté during the run of *Orphée aux Enfers* have averaged over 6,000 francs.

M. Marlois, who has been engaged by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti as musical director and conductor during their pantomime season at Covent Garden, has, we are informed, already composed and scored the whole of the music for the pantomime, which will be entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Miss Annie Poole, a young vocalist who has sung with success in the provinces, has been engaged by Mr. Henderson for his ensuing season at the Folly Theatre.

Miss Emily Hart, a young American singer who has studied under able Continental masters, will shortly make her début in London as a concert singer. She is said to possess a charming and well-cultivated voice.

We must defer mention of the Worcester Festival until next week.

The St. James's Saturday Evening Concerts are now arranged, and we have no doubt that under the enterprising and liberal management of the directors will be a perfect success. The first of the series will be given on the 16th of October. Many important engagements are made and pending. The decoration of the hall is being rapidly proceeded with, and when finished will present a magnificent appearance. Great improvements are being made in lighting and ventilating. A grand new organ is to take the place of the old one. The management is to be sincerely congratulated upon the thorough manner in which the work is being done under the watchful eye of the energetic manager, Mr. Austin.

Madame Odardo Barri is engaged as prima donna for the Royal Italian Opera, Madrid, and will leave England at the end of the present month.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MATERIALS FOR MODERN DRAMA.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS)

SIR.—It is a very well-known fact that to the casual observer his own age can never appear dramatically suggestive or prolific in materials for poetry. Mrs. Browning's refutation of this fallacy and her lines upon the urgency of representing the spirit and manners of the present in works of art do not require to be quoted, though they have not borne much issue. However, it is certainly in the Drama that we have least ground for complaint under this head. Ninety years ago Horace Walpole regretted the death of genteel comedies, and attributed it to a lack of writers and actresses of that sphere. The languid state of the drama, which, though constantly denied, is dimly but universally felt to exist in the present day, cannot be attributed to the same cause. We have now more than one dramatist not entirely inferior to Sheridan, and we have actresses occupying a position akin to that of Mrs. Oldfield. Still, a dramatic school can no more be said to flourish, when its productions are limited to comedy, or to comedy and drama, than a man whose occupations are confined to playing lawn-tennis and reading novels can be called a useful member of society.

It is absolute nonsense to say that the British drama has declined during the last century, but to say that it then, as now, occupied a low position is only true. To raise it effectually it will, to our thinking, be necessary that plays bearing the same relation to the comedies of the Robertson school as "Maud" and "Aurora Leigh" bear to the poems of Frederick Locker le-Bourne. That society of the present day contains the elements of tragedy, however veiled, is certain. Whether the one great and versatile dramatist of the day will think fit to turn his hand in that direction is a question.—I am, &c., G. D.

## ENGLISH SPORTSMEN IN NORWAY.

SIR.—Allow me to thank you for the prompt and courteous manner in which you replied to my letter from Gothenburg relating to the wanton destruction of game on the Island of Carlsö, Norway. Since I have returned home I have referred to my game book, and find the total amount shot by myself and friends the year alluded to (1876) amounted to 291 riper, this was with four guns, two and two each, two guns going separate heats. There is a considerable difference between this, a plain statement of facts, and the writer in the *Dagbladet's* account of the "500 ryder about that were killed and left to rot on the spot," &c.—Yours, &c., CHARLES GARDINER.

14, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C.,  
September 3, 1878.

THE Comédie Française have subscribed £50 to the fund for the sufferers by the terrible collision in the Thames, accompanying the donation with a letter to the Lord Mayor, of which the following is a translation:—"My Lord,—A disaster has fallen upon a portion of the population of London. A subscription list has been opened through your lordship in aid of the necessitous families which have been made the victims of the catastrophe. The *Sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, recollecting the good help which was rendered to them in 1871, hasten to bring their tribute to this subscription. I am directed by them to remit their offering directly into your lordship's hands.—I am, &c., EMILE PERRIN, Administrator."

## THE DRAMA.

## DUKE'S THEATRE.

MANY and various have been the vicissitudes of this well-built and commodious Holborn house. Inaugurated with sensational drama of the true Boucicaultian manufacture, the Holborn has witnessed almost every species of dramatic performance that it could enter into the imagination of West-end theatrical speculators to conceive. The legitimate drama has, phantom-like, appeared on its stage and disappeared thence, leaving not a wrack behind. Opera-bouffe has raised her unhallowed head, and more unhallowed toe, there to little purpose. The revellers were few whom she could lure thither to her orgies. Classical comedy and poetical drama, luxuriously mounted and admirably acted, failed in their turn to draw the public to the Holborn; and pantomime proved perdition. An esteemed actor-manager next conceived the idea that, with a change of name, this hitherto ill-fated theatre might revive and ultimately bask in the sunshine of a tardy popularity. Backed by over-sanguine capitalists, this worthy gentleman re-opened and re-named it the "Mirror Theatre." The result of this fond experiment may best be set forth by parodying a line from Tennyson's "Lady of Shallott":—

The "Mirror" cracked from side to side,  
"A curse has come upon it!" cried  
H. Wigan and the lot.

Since then, domestic drama, pastoral drama, high-class modern comedy, Byronic spectacle—yea, verily, even performing dogs and monkeys, have found their attractions unavailing to prosper the Duke's Theatre over against Holborn. All has been vanity and vexation of spirit. Yet in the background all the while, dim and mysterious, cloaked *cap-a-pie* in sombre tragic weeds, has stalked a most Harrison Ainsworth figure, observing with attractive eye the disastrous dramatic experiments we have alluded to, scowling more in pity than in wrath. It was the Genius of old Coburg melodrama, and ever and anon he muttered to himself, in tones of distant thunder, "No mawter! My time will come. Ha, ha!" And it has come. The Genius of old Coburg has planted his foot upon the stage of the Duke's, and, in the appropriate words of another *Duke's Motto*, says, "I am here!"

This, dear reader, is merely our way of recording the fact that Mr. Clarence Holt has entered into the management of the Duke's Theatre, abolished the stalls of the bloated aristocrat, lowered the prices to meet the exigencies of the sovereign people (whose playgoing limit is generally shilling), produced a stirring, tumultuous, noisy, gunpowder-and-smoke melodrama, and generally begun in a spirited manner his managerial career. Far be it from us to say that the drama which Mr. Holt has managed to manufacture out of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* and called *The Barricade* is a worthy artistic production. On the contrary, it would have been no harm if Victor Hugo's name had been left out of the affair altogether, for it does no manner of honour to that great French writer whom Swinburne has justly styled the first of living dramatists. And we are sure that if Mr. Holt had chosen to regard *The Barricade* as his own original work, few would have been inclined to deprive him of the sole credit of its production. However, in spite of all that may be said on artistic grounds depreciatory of this drama and the manner in which it is acted, we are forced to regard certain theatrical performances always from a strictly practical and utilitarian standpoint. It is quite certain that the kind of dramatic fare most in demand with that vast section of playgoing London who form what is called a cheap pit and gallery audience is precisely the kind which Mr. Clarence Holt put before them in his heterogenous drama, *The Barricade*, at the Duke's Theatre, on Saturday night last. It must also in justice be said that the management of the Duke's have got together a company of actors who are well experienced in this class of art. Mr. Clarence Holt is a sonorous tower of melodramatic strength. He has, of course, in the parts of Jean Valjean and Father Madeline, given himself the lion's share of the dialogue and situation. We never knew an actor-playwright who failed to show himself this much affectionate partiality. Mr. Holt's vigorous acting, however, proved eminently suited to the tastes of the large audiences assembled. Mr. Chas. H. Glenny, an actor of not inferior ability to Mr. Holt, gave an effective and picturesque impersonation of Thessardier, the Sergeant of Waterloo. As Jean Champmathian, Mr. Jones Fredericks made much comic capital out of his part. We will not stay to enumerate the many other male characters which were performed more or less effectively by the Duke's company. The supernumeraries, we may remark, appeared to us to have been well and carefully drilled. Of the feminine parts we may give a word of praise to Fantrie and Cosette, as rendered by Mrs. Digby Willoughby. As Eponine, Miss May Holt displayed much vivacity of a music-hall kind, and made herself at once popular with the audience. The scenery by Mr. Ellerman is excellent; his new act-drop adding much to the attractions of the theatre. *The Barricade* was preceded by the farce of *My Turn Next*, in which Mr. Charles Wilmet, who is joint manager of the theatre with Mr. Holt, played Taraxicum Twitters with much humour.

## ROYAL PARK THEATRE.

We beg to draw special attention to the matinée to be given by Madame St. Claire on Wednesday afternoon next in aid of the Mansion House Princess Alice Relief Fund. It will be under the immediate patronage of the Lord Mayor of London (who it is hoped may attend) and the Relief Fund Committee. The receipts will be handed over to the Fund without any deduction whatever, and besides Madame Claire's company, who generously give their gratuitous services, Mr. E. Rosenthal, Miss Grace Armytage, Miss Hallandane, and other well-known artists have kindly volunteered to appear. We understand that the programme will consist of Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan*, incidents, and *Linnell's Lark*, a new comedietta by Mr. Frederic Hay, author of *A Fearful Fog*, &c., &c., which is to be played for the first time this (Saturday) evening.

The industrious Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. Alfred Cellier are writing a new opera for the Opera Comique. It is safe to be both musical and amusing.

In *The Bells* Mr. Henry Irving seems to have driven the good people of Leicester half wild with delight. The local press laud his performance to the skies, and fuller audiences have, it is said, never before been attracted to the Theatre Royal. Mr. Irving has also performed Hamlet at Leicester.

Miss Louise Moodie, who now plays Madeleine in the prologue of *Proof*, will also assume the part of Adrienne in the successful Adelphi drama to-night (Saturday). Miss Bella Pateman, the original Adrienne, goes to the Haymarket Theatre.

*The Winter's Tale* will be produced with great care and completeness at Drury Lane, and we wish it unqualified success.

To-day (Saturday) *Belphegor* will be produced at the Crystal Palace with a good cast, including Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Conquest.

Miss Ada Dyas sailed for America by the Cunard steamer Batavia on Thursday, the 29th of August, after a three months' visit, to resume her important leading position on the New York stage.

Mr. Sothern's provincial tour begins next week; the company start on Sunday. It includes Miss Edith Challis, Miss Julia Stewart, Mr. Walter Bentley, Mr. Desmond, and Mr. Alfred Nelson.

Miss Litton is taking a holiday on the Continent. It is said she intends again entering upon management when she returns.

The actors in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are about the hardest worked in London. The curtain is hardly down upon the afternoon performance at the Aquarium before it rises at the Princess's.

The "Comedy Opera Company" commenced the second tour at Bradford on Monday last, when *H.M.S. Pinafore* was produced for the first time before a provincial audience. The house was crowded, and the opera was pronounced a genuine success. Mr. S. H. S. Austin has, in addition to the acting management, been entrusted with the stage management. The valuable services of Mr. Hamilton Clarke have again been secured for the musical direction.

Mr. A. T. Balfour, comedian, of the Park Theatre, will take a complimentary benefit at the Milton Hall, Camden Town, on Tuesday night, 17th September.

There is a rumour, says *The New York Spirit of the Times*, that an English actress will contest Mr. Montague's will. The estate is said to be considerably under £3,000.

Miss Rose Eyttinge has several plays by Charles Read, including a new dramatization of his "Griffith Gaunt," called *Kate Peyton*, written with a prologue, which she describes as "a little play in itself." She will produce them during her coming season in New York, in addition to the vigorous melodrama of *The Woman of the People*, in which she makes her *entrée* at the Broadway Theatre, on the 23rd inst.

We hope the benefit given by Mr. John Hollingshead and the artists of the Gaiety Theatre for the Hospital for Sick Children will be a great success. It will be held this (Saturday) morning. We wish other managers would follow Mr. Hollingshead's example. Children at any time ought to be the object of general solicitude—but sick children!

Mrs. Bateman has bought the lease of that venerable temple of the drama, Sadlers Wells. She is already busy over arrangements for the pantomime. We wish her every success in a very hazardous enterprise.

The following lines were sent from Tours to Leicester, addressed to Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. John L. Toole, who both happened to be playing there at the same time in that town:—

"Now Hamlet courts fun with 'Chawles'—an old mate,  
The Prince and the Footman meet tête-à-tête;  
Play again our boys,  
Revive youthful joys,  
When neither Harry nor Johnny was great.  
"Then success to the good town of Leicester,  
The Drama so grandly has bless'd her;  
With Irving and Toole,  
Each head of his school,  
Dame Fortune has surely caress'd her."

"Frank—my brother Frank—was always a poet, don't you know," said Johnny, in explanation. "In fact, he's *The Bard*."

## REVIEWS.

*Glasgow and South-Western Railway Guide*. Edited by R. KEMP PHILP. London: Bemrose and Son.

ADMIRABLY conceived and well executed this is a genuine guide and pleasant companion for journeys by rail. It gives us detailed descriptions of the larger and more important towns, and brief comprehensive notices of the lesser. Every page is divided by lines representing the railway, on which at relative distances the various stations are marked and named. Between these on either side one after the other in their order as the traveller passes them are descriptions of the different places and objects of interest. The guide is well printed on good paper, and although of necessity somewhat large, is otherwise—being easily folded or rolled—sufficiently portable for its purpose.

*The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., in upwards of One Hundred Cartoons from the Collection of Mr. Punch*. Punch Office: London.

It is easier to judge the dead than the living, to record the deeds of a life completed than to trace out those of one which is still powerfully active in advancing or opposing our strongest convictions and principles. In the latter case feeling and prejudice will surely swerve us to one side or the other, even if we are unconscious of their influence. In the former there is a much greater chance of our being dispassionately just and impartial. This is perceptible not only in these famous cartoons themselves, but even sometimes peeps out through the lines placed underneath them, merely as a clue to their political references. We have herein political subjects selected from every volume of *Punch*, from the year 1845 to the present, being, in all, 104, embracing most of the choicest efforts from the pencils of the late John Leech and the present John Tenniel. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel, the great centre around which was feverishly throbbing and glowing the passions and feelings of partisan politicians, was near the end of his noble career of high principle, patient industry, and unswerving firmness and perseverance. But fierce fighting was still going on under the great banner of Free Trade. Benjamin Disraeli, who had previously worked with the party of Sir Robert Peel (Sir Robert had always been the advocate of Free Trade although Mr. Punch in his preface implies the contrary) was then on the side of the Conservatives, savagely battling against his former leader. From 1837 to 1841 Disraeli had pursued a steadily rising career, working hard, and losing no opportunity of delivering a telling speech on the popular side. His novel, *The Sybil*, had just been published, and his name was as high in literature as it was fast becoming politically powerful. His attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, upon which his even greater fame as an orator was being founded, were then hailed with delight by those whose strongly partisan feelings were intensely gratified by their spitefully vicious and unscrupulously savage intensity, and even by those who were most opposed to their purpose. Such a curiously powerful combination of refinement and coarseness, vulgarity and polish, poison and perfume, had never before been heard in the House, and the amusing novelty was hailed on all sides, if not with approval, certainly with applause. Then Mr. Punch brought pen and pencil to bear upon the task of holding Disraeli and the Protectionist party in check, and John Leech wielded the latter with such excellent effect. From that time to the present *Punch* has never failed to make capital out of the doings of Mr. Disraeli, and, for those who are old enough, we can conceive no task more deeply or pleasantly interesting, or more politically instructive and useful than that of turning the pages of this most valuable collection of cartoons and recalling the sentiments and feelings by which we were influenced when week after week they were placed before us in the pages of our old friend *Punch*.

*Collecting Butterflies and Moths*. Illustrated. By MONTAGU BROWN. London: The Bazaar Office.

THIS is a carefully-written book, practically reliable, and, so far as it goes, complete.

## MUSIC ABROAD.

HIGHLY-FLAVOURED melodrama, with deep-dyed piratical villains, and white-clad suffering heroines, seems to have lost its hold on the East-end Parisian public. M. Debruyère, director of the Théâtre Beaumarchais, has felt the pulse and found a popular specific in light comic opera for his public. A liberal expenditure, guided by good taste, has transformed a poky little theatre into a *bijou salle*, where sparkling music, pretty figures enhanced by Grevin's costumes, and situations, *un peu lestes* perhaps, but which provoke the *rire gaulois*, find a place pre-eminently fitted for them. The piece which has been chosen to inaugurate the new life of this place of entertainment has no less than four *collaborateurs*. M. Henri Perry has felt himself equal to the task of the music single-handed, but the story is the joint work of MM. Vast, Ricouard, and Favin. The result, which is named *La Croix de l'Alcalde*, reveals a plot which we would not tolerate in this moral city of London, but which, nevertheless, in Paris will be sure to find many British admirers, whose susceptibilities undergo remarkable transformations after passing through the ordeal of the chops of the Channel. Suffice it to say, that a certain Alcalde of Cascadilla, wishing to secure a very eligible *parti* for his daughter, issues an edict that every lady convicted of an *amourette*, or even receiving a serenade, shall have her house-door marked with a yellow cross to warn off serious pretenders. Nearly every door suffers but the worthy Alcalde's. But one night he is surprised by the patrol, and in order to save himself the disgrace of the yellow cross, he has to consent to his daughter's marriage with the man she loves instead of the rich husband he had hoped to secure for her. The music, which is worthy of a better framework, is lively and in places refined, and shows that the composer will be able to do justice to a work of greater merit. Many of the numbers are destined to be ground out on piano organs *ad nauseam*. Of the acting, MM. Sujo and Bonnet may be said to have produced the most effect in the fooling-way, but the palm must be awarded to Mdlle. Thèvre, a *débutante*, who, by her sympathetic and natural appreciation of her part, caused present astonishment and approbation, and gave great promise of being a light of one of the greater theatres in time to come. Mdlle. Rose Mérys, whose advent was heralded by a printer's flourish of big letters, retains too much of her *café chantant* training to be pleasing.—At the Opéra Comique, M. Sardou's *Un Jour de Noces* is in active rehearsal, under the author's personal supervision. The chief rôles are distributed amongst Madame Galli Marié, Mdlle. Chevrier, and M. Engel. *La Taverne des Trabans*, by MM. Frckmann-Chatrian, having been fitted with a score by M. Henri Maréchal, will be shortly read to the artists of the Opéra Comique.—The directors of the subsidised opera houses of Paris have the right of engaging the services of the pupils of the *conservatoire* on their leaving that institution, at a moderate fixed salary. This is only natural, that the State having aided in their education should expect some return for it; and, indeed, it is looked upon generally as a great privilege to have the right to appear before the most critical public in the world. This year Mdlle. Vaillant, having obtained the first prize for singing, was engaged by M. Calabresi for the Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, a proceeding in direct opposition to the rules of the institution. The directors of the Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique having lodged their plaints, the tribunal of the Seine has condemned the young lady to pay 15,000 francs fine and costs. It is said that M. Calabresi is so determined to have her that he will pay the fine. Meanwhile notice of appeal has been given, and as the Belgian law does not admit of the execution of the decrees of foreign civil courts within its jurisdiction, Mdlle. Vaillant has three years (the term of her engagement) in which to tire the patience of the French courts.—The town of Angers has voted a sum of 3,000 francs to found a *conservatoire* of instrumentalists for the department of Maine et Loire. The Austrian Kappelmeister, Fahrbach, who, with Arban, has been conducting the concerts at the Oangerie, has had to join his regiment in Bosnia. On his last appearance in public he received quite an ovation, in which the public vied with the orchestra in showing their appreciation of his merits and their regret at losing him. It was a gigantic "*au revoir*."—A tale of descriptive music extraordinary comes to us from Kissingen, where Prince Bismarck is staying for the benefit of his health. *En passant*, we would hope that the waters may have a salutary effect on the eccentric composer who is connected with the affair. Herr Julius Grauer, fired with a veneration for his country's father, and an admiration for his chief adviser, resolved to embody in a musical composition, which he calls a "*Sinfonia attenca*," descriptions in sound of the attempts which have been made on the lives of these august personages. The first division of his symphony deals with Kullman's attack on Bismarck at Kissingen, the second portrays Hödel's attempt on the Emperor, and the third realises all the horror of Nobiling's ambush in the Unter den Linden. Herr Grauer thought that the mighty Chancellor would like to bear the expense of performance of this truly awful work, but we have not heard of any large sum finding its way into the pockets of the would-be performers. Bayreuth, not Kissingen, is the congenial home of misunderstood genius—go there, Grauer. The Berlin Opera season commenced on the 23rd ult. On the opening night Ignaz Brull's *Der Goldene Kreuz* was performed, and since then have been given, Cherubini's *Water Carrier* (*Les deux journées*), *Sardanapalus*, *Lohengrin*, *La Muette*, *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*. Cherubini's *Water Carrier* was the inaugural work at the Vienna Opera which began its season on the 22nd, *La Dame Blanche* was given on the 27th, *L'Africaine* 28th, *Lohengrin* 30th, *der Fliegende Holländer* 31st. On the 1st September *Faust* was produced, and on the 2nd Mehul's *Joseph* was revived. A series of Mozart's operas is now being performed at the Cassel Theatre. The works chosen are: *Idoménée*, *l'Enlèvement*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *Cosi fan tutte*, *Titus* and *Die Lauberflöte*.

H. P.

THE Cheltenham Gun Club brought their two days' pigeon-shooting match at Weymouth to a successful close, the event bringing together a considerable number of crack shots. A silver cup given by the town was won by Mr. T. E. Edkins, of Cheltenham, who killed all his birds. He also won a second cup, valued at £7, in sweepstakes shooting.

THE opening of the Paris autumn meetings was celebrated at Longchamps, on Sunday, when there was a good field and the racing was fair. The great international trotting matches, for which the Chambers voted 60,000 francs a few months ago, took place at the Hippodrome of the Maison Lafitte, on Sunday. Among those present were Marshal MacMahon, King Ferdinand of Portugal, the Prince of Nassau, and others. During the day the celebrated racehorse Jongleur, from the Comte de Juigne's stable, is said to have sustained a severe accident, which will incapacitate him henceforth from racing. The Grand Prix du Gouvernement of 8 sovs each, with 400 sovs added for the first, 120 sovs for the second, 60 sovs for the third, and 20 sovs for the fourth, for harnessed trotters, over three miles and three-quarters, was won by M. Mazourne's Zouberry, by Zouberry—Petroukhar. The Grand Prix de l'Exposition of 8 sovs each, with 400 sovs added for the first, 120 sovs for the second, 60 sovs for the third, and 20 sovs for the fourth, for all horses mounted, weight for age, over three miles and three-quarters, was won by Mr. J. Hill's Star-gazer.

## AN AFTERNOON'S SWIMMING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"HULLOA, old boy, whither away?" were the words that greeted me on Saturday morning, as with the endeavour of not being quite drowned I was proceeding along Fleet-street at a pace dangerous both to myself and fellow-passengers. Turning sharply round my eye caught the genial countenance of my old friend and schoolmate, Fred E—, just returned from a short journey in the Colonies, and the ready portals of the Cheshire Cheese being close at hand, we necessarily adjourned for what he described as "a shout." Having the excuse of the heavy rain to keep us in port, we rapidly forgot everything appertaining to business, as we chatted freely over the past, but the present was soon forcibly recalled to my memory, when a slight twinge in the region of my waistcoat reminded me that luncheon-time was approaching.

"I say, Fred, come home and have a snack, and then we will go over to Norwood; there is a swimming affair on, and between whiles we shall have plenty of time for talking," said I, and he, being in want of some amusement, willingly consented. Having duly refreshed the inner man, and the weather clearing up, we wended our way to London Bridge, and cheerfully booked for Norwood Junction. Catching the train to a tick, everything went on swimmingly until New Cross was reached, when a loud report in the distance caused us to look out of the window, and to our chagrin we discovered a heavy storm beating up with the wind. Having reached the Junction, we mutually congratulated each other over our escape from the downpour, and in high glee took our way towards the park. "That d—good-natured friend" having kindly given us a hint of a short cut, which was to have saved us a mile, and instead lengthened our journey by double that distance, we had just come within sight of our destination when a terrific clap of thunder called attention to the fact that our previous joy was about to be reduced to intense grief through the advent of another storm. Fred, wise in his generation, turned tail and made tracks back to the nearest hotel, whilst I of necessity had to journey onwards and accept my fate. Almost drenched to the skin I managed to at length reach the dressing-room of the Norwood S.C., and was soon at home, as amongst those assembled there I found many old acquaintances busily engaged in getting up a sweepstakes over the Open Handicap Race, whilst the rain, they hoped, was wearing itself out. The South Norwood Park Lake is most suitably adapted for swimming competition, a straightaway course of 250 yards being obtainable, whilst visitors are enabled to gain an admirable view from many points. Jupiter Pluvius evidently was in his worst humour, but the members would not give up their intention, and with the true pluck of Englishmen commenced to strip and attire themselves in the costume now in vogue at all respectable réunions. Mr. Ledger, the captain, having given the word to get ready, three uncomfortable looking objects lowered themselves into a dingey, and were soon battling with what are worthy to be described as waves. Could my readers have seen the starter, local press, and judge in a big boat vainly endeavouring to get any weigh on their craft, they must have died of laughter. As it was, I had all but choked myself ere the race—a 100 Yards Handicap Over Hurdles had resulted in a victory for Mr. E. Phillips, who had 25 sec start from the second man, Mr. F. Deane. The advent of a brougham and some half-dozen of the fair sex now warned me that something extra good was on the *tapis*, and on returning to the dressing tent, I find the stalwart master of ceremonies, Mr. H. Ledger, prepared to uphold his right to be captain of the club, an honour he had held for three years, whilst on either side of him were the challengers, Messrs. D. S. Goodwyn and H. Eyre. Rain still fell heavily when the trio took up their stations on the diving-board, and yet another smile was evoked by the appearance of the aforesaid press craft, with one of the wielders of the pen grasping an instrument, which I at first imagined was a huge brass tobacco-box, but it eventually proved to be a machine for taking time. Such a race as ensued between Ledger and Goodwyn I would face a drenching every day to witness. They swam almost stroke for stroke all the way, the former with his length of reach throwing his arm far into the air at times, whilst the latter mostly assumed the breast stroke. The distance was a mile, and at 1,000 yards Ledger began to show signs of distress—he had, I was informed, injured himself during the holidays by a fall from his bicycle—and yet he kept pluckily on, to be only beaten at the finish by some four or five yards, in 31 min 44 sec, by the marvellous instrument I have mentioned; my stop-watch made it half a second quicker. At this juncture the clouds began to lift, and as I strolled around the lake, comfortably ensconced on the stump of a tree, I discovered that artful Fred, as dry as a bone, a striking contrast to myself, discussing a flask of whiskey and a pipe of "ugly cut." Nothing loth, I accepted most thankfully his offer of a moistener, and then leaving him, figuratively speaking, monarch of all he surveyed, I floundered back over the tops of my boots in mud to attend to the remainder of my duties, and found that during my absence the competitors had equipped themselves for the Open 250 Yards Handicap. The well-built Byrne Jones, of the Ilex, first caught the eye, and then, as I glanced around, I discovered the wily Otter, J. Rope, and several of his fellow-clubmen, amongst whom I especially interviewed the bearded Gardner. The club were well represented, and there was Cheeseman, of the Surrey, too, with Glasson, a coming Ilex breast-swimmer; Gill, of the London Joint Stock Banks Athletic Club; a couple of introduced men, &c. It would not interest my readers to know who did and who did not win the preliminary heats, suffice it to state that they were well-contested, and that to the delight of the few fair sex present. W. Phillips, a member of the club, won the final tussle with 70 secs. start by about four yards from Gardner of the Otter, 25 secs. with Webb of the Norwood team 37 secs. third, the others all of a heap. Having thoroughly enjoyed a tug of war contest, in which the Otter men beat the Norwood, I joined my old schoolmate and made tracks for home, much pleased with my excursion although somewhat impressed with a fear of rheumatism in the future.

EXON.

A CASE of some interest to actors, both professional and amateur, came before the Barnstaple County Court on Tuesday. Charles Coad, manager of an amateur dramatic company at Barnstaple, sued the Great Western Railway Company for the sum of £15 as compensation for loss caused by the non-delivery in proper time of a hamper containing theatrical costumes, sent from London for the purpose of enabling the amateurs to play with good effect *Black-eyed Susan*. For the plaintiff it was stated that the amateurs had arranged an Easter-tide performance, and the theatre was let to them with the proviso that they should have good wardrobes. They ordered the necessary dresses from a London costumier, but these dresses were not received until the performances were all over, and the theatre closed, whereby loss was occasioned, it having become known that the play would be poorly mounted. The company asserted that there was nothing on the hamper to indicate that there was any hurry necessary in the transit, and it was detained with other luggage by the great pressure on the company's resources consequent on the Easter holidays. His Honour intimated that he did not think the claim could be sustained, but said he would take time to consider his judgment.

## CLERKS OF THE COURSE.

MR. JOHN SHELDON.

MR. JOHN SHELDON, whose portrait we publish this week, commenced life as a wholesale stationer at Birmingham. His strong sporting proclivities, however, soon induced him to turn his attention to the turf. His first appearance as Clerk of the Course was at Birmingham in "Sting's" year. The following year he succeeded Mr. Galloway at Lichfield. He then took up Sutton Park, but not on the old course, on its revival, after having been abandoned for several years. Through Mr. Sheldon's energy and enterprise the Sutton Park meetings now hold a high place among first-class racing fixtures. Mr. Sheldon has also had the management of several minor meetings in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. In 1875 Mr. Sheldon succeeded Mr. Thomas Marshall as C.C. of the Bath and Somerset Meeting. Here, again, Mr. Sheldon was successful in raising a meeting, which had fallen to a very low ebb, into prosperity and prominence. In the present year Mr. Sheldon for the first time undertook the management of Warwick Races, and is now also lessee of the course. Previously to this year the Warwick Meeting had been gradually declining, but Mr. Sheldon has succeeded in infusing new life into it, and the late meeting was a very successful one. It would, indeed, have been a brilliant one but for the withdrawal of several good horses in consequence of the death of Mr. Payne. Mr. Sheldon, in addition to his business as Clerk of the Course, is sleeping partner in two large firms. Like many other patrons of the race-course, the subject of our sketch is warmly interested in the Drama, and is himself an amateur actor of no mean order. His services in this capacity are always generously placed at the disposal of those who arrange theatrical performances for any local charity or object of benevolence. Of his private character it is needless to say much here. All who know him admit that his popularity has been well-earned by uniform courtesy, geniality, and generosity.

## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CRAMER & CO., 201 Regent-street, W.—"Tears, idle tears," price 4s., a setting of the Poet Laureate's well-known lines, does credit to the taste and the musical ability of the composer, Lady Ross, of Balmagoun. The key of F minor is prevalent in the song, with occasional excursions into the relative major key. The melody, in common time, is well fitted to the words, and the song will be prized by mezzo-sopranos and barytones. It would be well perhaps to alter the settings of the phrases, "To dying ears" (p. 5) and "On lips that are for others" (p. 6), so as to avoid accentuating the unimportant prepositions with which those phrases commence; and the misprint of "serge" for "surge" (p. 3) should also be corrected. There is true musical feeling in the song, and we shall hope to see more of Lady Ross's compositions.—"Le Gage d'Amitié," waltz, price 4s., composed by H. De Vaux, is melodious, but not original.

W. JARRETT ROBERTS, Carnarvon.—"Fy Nymuniad" ("The cottage in Cambria"), price 1s. nett, is a pretty and original song, composed by Mr. W. Jarrett Roberts, who was a distinguished pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and has now settled in Wales, where he has attained the dignity of "Pencerdd Eifion." It appears to be his ambition to become instrumental in upholding the claims of Welsh vocal music, and



MR. JOHN SHELDON.

the song before us was originally composed to Welsh poetry by T. Tudno Jones. For the benefit of Welsh students we annex the opening quotation:—

Mewn brodyn yu ughymru y sylwyd fy ughryd,  
Arynomae cartref fy ughalon o hyd;  
Ac yn fy mreuddurydion ehedaf yn syth  
I'r brodyn yu ughymru, fel gwenol i'w mythy.

To the benighted Sassenach, whose knowledge of the Welsh language is limited, it will probably be a relief to know that an English translation of the above affecting lines is printed with the music, and runs as follows:—

The cottage in Cambria where cradled I lay,  
Remains the abode of my heart to this day;  
And still in my dreams, when I lay me to rest,  
I seek that old cottage, as swallows their nest.

The melody of this song is simply charming. It has been sung

with great success by the popular Welsh tenor "Eos Morlais," and will be heartily welcomed both by sopranos and tenors. The pianoforte accompaniment shows the hand of a sterling musician, and is equally suitable to harp and pianoforte. "Adgofon y Morwr" ("The Sailor's Meditation"), price 2s., is a scene by the same composer, with Welsh words by L. W. Lewis (Llew Llwyfo) and English words by Titus Lewis, Esq., F.S.A. We cannot say much in praise of the English version, but it portrays with sufficient vividness the emotions of a sailor, while reflecting on the love felt for him by his absent mother. The music is sympathetic, spirited, and full of variety, and the changes of key which are rendered desirable by variations of sentiment are accompanied by modulations which bespeak the finished musician. Both the songs are printed with extra lines of Tonic Sol-fa notation. They deserve to become popular, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to future works from the pen of Mr. W. Jarrett Roberts.

ALDERSON & BRENTNALL, Newcastle-on-Tyne. "The Dimple," price 3s., is a "song in form of a gavotte," by Max Schröter. The words by W. E. Surtees are far above the average quality, and are quaint, yet poetical, recalling the style of Herrick and Suckling. The melody is pleasant and sympathetic, and the accompaniment is well written.

LYON & HALL, Brighton. "Watching," price 4s., ballad, words by E. Oxenford, music by T. W. Davidson. We regret to find Mr. Oxenford perpetrating such rhymes as

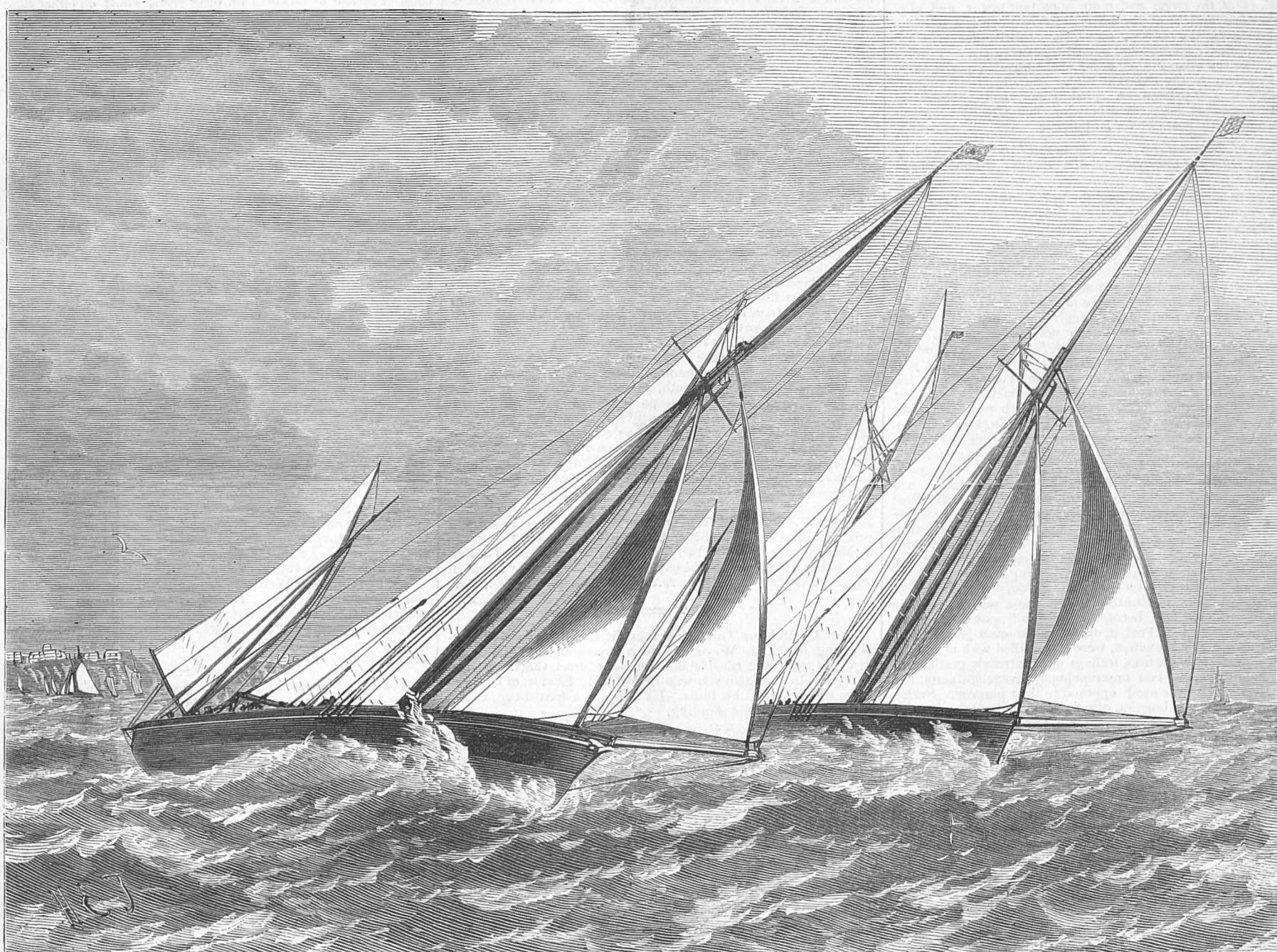
"I know his ship is nigh,  
Shall prove my fe-al-ty,"

and such nonsense as the second verse of this song, in which "with eyes fast closed in sleep" a maiden keeps her "vigil" unbroken. Mr. Davidson's melody recalls a passage in *Preciosa*, but his music is more acceptable than the verses to which it is attached.

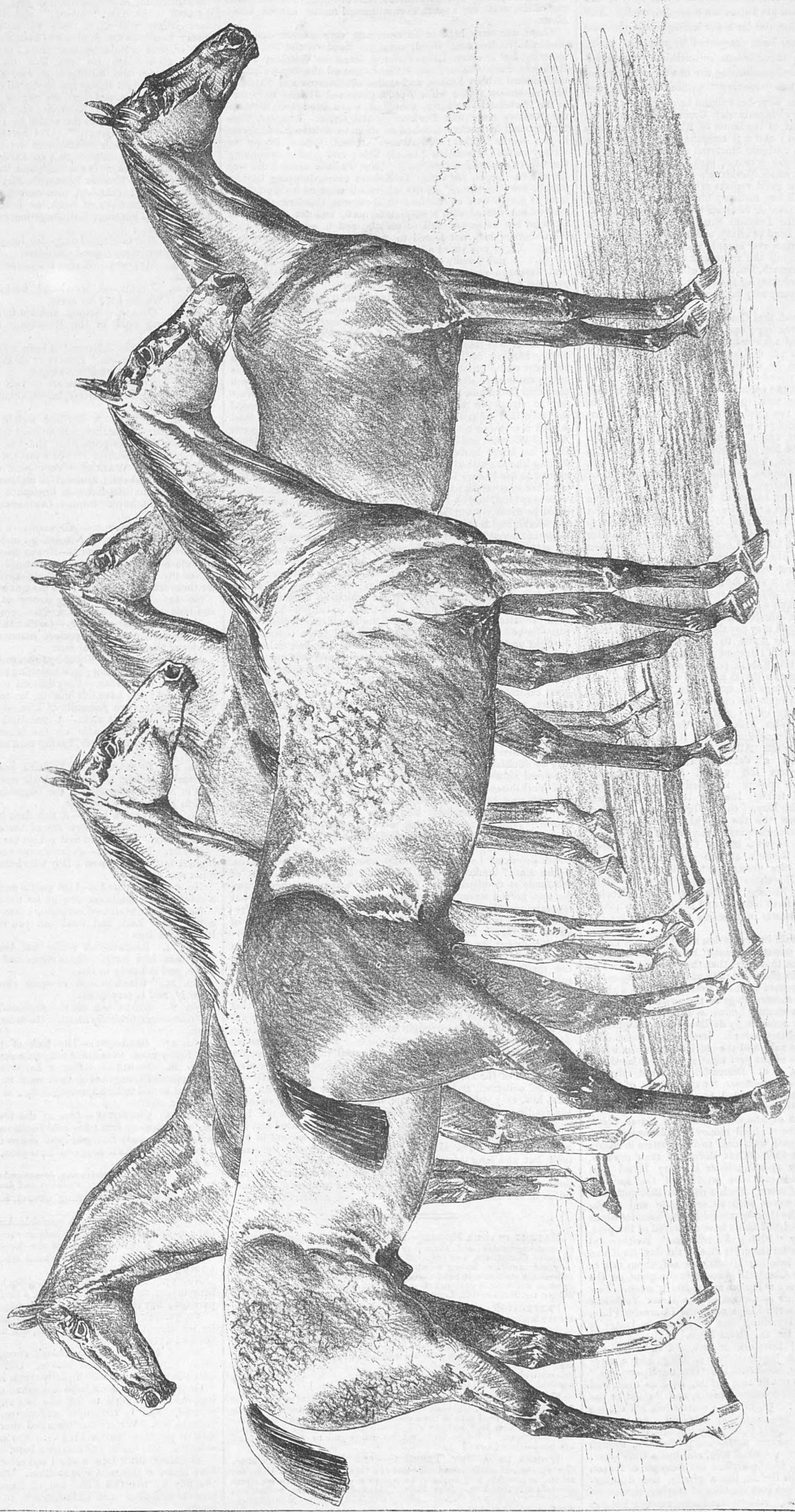
SIMPSON & CO., 33, Argyll-street, W. The "Cyprus March," by J. Meissler, price 3s., is simple but effective, and is adorned with a coloured portrait of Sir Garnet Wolseley and a view of Cyprus. "Simpson's Flute Gems," price 3s. each, are a series of favourite melodies arranged for flute and piano by Mr. Benjamin Wells, the well-known flautist. No. 1 contains "Home, sweet home" and "Where the bee sucks." Both melodies are well arranged, and the florid embellishments with which they are adorned are well conceived.

THE *Athenaeum* states that Mr. Ho, one of the secretaries attached to the Chinese Legation, is engaged in translating Shakespeare into Chinese. The same gentleman has also made considerable progress in a translation of Blackstone's Commentaries into the same language.

THE *Theatre* states that early last month Signor Rossi was invited by the King of Italy to pay him a visit. In the course of their conversation the King spoke of the low ebb to which the histrionic art had fallen in that country. "What we want," he said, "is a theatre like the Comédie Française. Your art is a powerful instrument of civilisation. That civilisation must emanate from Rome. My father loved and esteemed you, Signor Rossi, as well he might. You are an honourable remnant of the troupe of which Marchionni, Ristori, Vestri, Taddei, Bellotti, and Pieri were members. Halcyon days! The art was then well represented. Adieu," shaking him by the hand; "those days shall return before long, I promise you."



ROYAL TORBAY REGATTA.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE JULIANAR, FLORINDA, AND ADA.



## TURFIANA.

BREEDERS have paid Speculum the very high compliment of filling his hundred-guinea subscription off hand, and truly no sire of modern times has earned his distinction more deservedly. And be it noted that his list has not (as is not unfrequently the case with high-priced stallions) been completed by means of giving four nominations to three subscriptions, or such-like "accommodation" to those desirous of patronising the newly-risen star, but all have to put down their "century" without flinching, and thirty good men and true have been found to cry content to the terms asked for the pride of Moorlands. Camballo the handsome will keep the "high priest of the house of Blacklock" company during the coming season; and it is rumoured that Lord Lyon will once more go South, and join Macaroni at Mentmore, where they will require another sire or two of high class to serve on the large establishment there under Markham's charge.

From Cobham we have good reports of the progress made by Wild Oats, and Mr. Bell has made up his mind to give the big Wild Dayrell horse the *crème de la crème* of his mares next year. Griffiths, transferred to the Durdans Stud at Epsom, has been succeeded by Benman as head of affairs under the manager of the Stud Company, and no man ever entered upon his duties with a higher character, which is all the more valuable as coming from such a man as Lord Falmouth, the doings of whose stud during the last ten years speak volumes for the talent and integrity of its controller; and the company may be congratulated upon having secured such a treasure.

We are credibly informed that Craig Millar has furnished into one of the nicest sires of the day; and inasmuch as Mr. Crawford gave him Maria Stuart and a few others of his best mares to start with, Mr. Hume Webster will find less difficulty in going on with him, and at thirty guineas he should not be long in joining the ranks of stallions already closed to the public.

Mr. Tattersall "opened the commission" on the racing circuit, at Doncaster, on Tuesday, and spoke hopefully of a future for breeders after a season or two; and truly we have witnessed "terrible times" before this, and yet prices have come round again, and so it will be again and again. A brother to Alpha very appropriately was first on the list (the Omega of which will not be reached until Friday at noon), and Mr. Hampton got a very level, racing-like colt for 180 guineas, and his sire, The Arrow, is by D'Escurial, out of Archeress, dam of that charming mare, Modena, erst the well-known bearer to victory of the Mazarine blue. Knight of Athol was a real nice one, and one of the best Knights of the Garter yet foaled, and Mr. Schofield was lucky to get the last nod for him at 120 guineas. A very diminutive Hermit colt, and a poorish filly by Lord Lyon had to be "taken away;" but two out of the next batch found customers, and Messrs. Joshua and Rouse may be congratulated on securing bargains in the Strathconan and Anglo-Saxon fillies, for both look like forging their way early in the season. Three Cobhamites re-offered here, failed to elicit a bid, and then came two Stentor colts, different properties, which were snapped up by Messrs. Potter and Clement, and both may pay their way. Mr. Van Haansbergen could not harden his heart to the prices offered for his young "outlaws," all of which returned whence they came; and we cannot help thinking this Fabian policy a mistake, though of course every man has a right to do as he likes with his own, and we only proffer the teachings of experience. Mr. Anthony Harrison pursued a totally opposite course, and met his fate like a man, and made an average of 80 guineas for his three by the aid of Messrs. Martin, John Day, and Van Haansbergen, the latter gentleman remarking that if he could not sell he could buy, and the Albert Victor filly was cheap enough. Next entered a detachment, eleven strong, of the Yardley youngsters left unsold from Newmarket, but of these merely a moiety marched down the hill again, and prices ranged terribly low for some of the young Dukes and Playfairs. John Day, Coates, Stevens, and Saunders each took a cheap lot home "on the off chance," and only the Vanderdecken colt could rouse buyers to any sort of enthusiasm, and a very handsome colt he was, out of Coral (a Duke mare), and not over dear to Mr. Redfern at 420 guineas. Mr. Christopher, too, got a really nice youngster for his outlay of 200 guineas upon a chestnut Nuneham colt out of Saga, by Thorndyke, bearing a strong likeness to the last-named celebrity. Other lots failed to bring forth bidders, and so an early adjournment was made, and the hearts of breeders failed them for the morrow.

If Doncaster is to maintain its reputation as a high-class racing centre, it is obvious that something must be done to hold out more substantial attractions to owners than those at present existing, which are venerable for their antiquity and for nothing more. Racing caterers must keep pace with the times, and it is a significant commentary on the shortcomings of the powers that be at Doncaster that not even a century bonus is added to the Champagne Stakes, which has accordingly declined from a high-class brand to very small gooseberry indeed. In these utilitarian days sentiment is pushed on one side, and the ancient memories which "link us yet" with glories of the past must give way to hard and plain considerations of £ s. d. Doncaster must not rely any longer on her great *piece de resistance*, for the palates of racing men have of late years been educated to such a pitch that the simple tastes of their forefathers are held in no repute, and they must have many, rich, and substantial courses set before them. Not so many years ago the "added money" at Doncaster was the pride and boast of those who took racing matters in hand; but they must now put their hands deeper in their pockets, and York has given her sporting sister a pretty broad hint by establishing a two-year-old race worthy of the sporting reputation of the county of acres. Such a card as that put into our hands on Tuesday we never wish to see again, and it was almost melancholy to see the time-honoured Fitzwilliam, for which such numerous and distinguished fields have mustered at the post, reduced to a walk over by "Flying Scotchman." Neither did things mend until the time for the great race of the day, for it was obvious that Jessie Agnes held her Middleham neighbour safe as houses; and certainly the Charlotte Russe filly has gone on the wrong way since her first race at Epsom in the Derby week. Few cared to turn aside from their inspection of the Great Yorkshire horses to see King Boris settle Dalgarno in the Doncaster Plate, and yet the field for the Handicap was only a shade better in point of quality than that for the Great Ebor. Rylstone settled down into the position of favourite at last, and right well she looked, as did Glorat and Jagellon, but nothing had a more taking aspect than Flotsam, another of the "running Speculums," and Enoch had turned her out fit as a fiddle, hard as nails, and bright as a star. Never did horse win easier, and though he has to carry the big weight of 7st 5lb in the Cesarewitch, his chance for that event must not be altogether despised. Among the Champagne quintette Charibert bore away the bell, and no one admired him more than a famous north-country breeder, though the colt may be somewhat on the small side, and just a trifle short. Still he is every morsel use, and he made a sad example of Rayon d'Or, who with his head in the air, like a giraffe, and dancing-master action in front, did not give the idea of staying, though he looked better when stripped. Reay is handsome enough, but has

been amiss all the season, but neither George Albert nor Claudio improves upon acquaintance, and we have seen many better Champagne fields. Carthusian had only Bancks to beat in the Stand Plate; and in the Clumber Plate the good-looking Lindisfarne readily upset Hermione, thus bringing to a conclusion one of the worst day's sport ever witnessed on the famous Town Moor.

There was very little to interest any save punters and professionals in the card which came to hand on the St. Leger morning, but Dresden China suffered defeat by Witchery in the Bradgate Park Stakes; old Ecossais carried the top-weight in the Rufford Abbey Stakes, and stalled off Chevron and Satria in his well-known style; while Fordham steered Helena to victory in the Cleveland Handicap, though it was a fine touch between the Russley mare and Durham at the finish. Templar, Carthusian, and Monachus finished as we have written their names in the Milton Stakes; and Archer steered White Poppy to victory in the Corporation Stakes, Salvo and Jordan occupying the "front opposition benches." Thus we have cleared the way for the St. Leger, for which candidates came dropping in "by one, by two, by three," as the afternoon wore on to the fatal hour of 3.15. One of the first to show was Castlereagh, not a very taking horse, with a suspicious hock, and not the best of forelegs, but he looked full of muscle, and it was evident that the Osbornes had not feared to send the big son of Speculum along. Yagar was voted a "mean little beggar," and quite out of place in such goodly company, but it was agreed on all hands that Insulaire never looked heavier in his life, and his was all genuine muscle brought out by hard work. He strode along looking full of bright health and exuberant spirit, and was the "tip" of almost all the trainer fraternity who had no horses in the race. Potentate was beefy above and queer below, with very round joints, like most of King o' Scot's stock, and but very little notice was taken of Mapleton, a rather leggy son of Mandrake, looking as if he had been "in the wars," and with an ugly scar on his quarters. Clocher was well trained, though he is only a commoner after all, and very plain all over, but his superb condition found him troops of friends, and he was one of the first put to rights in the shed, where for a time he engrossed the attention of critics, both casual and professional. Red Archer is certainly no beauty, and his near hock must have given Alec. Taylor no end of trouble, and is a sadly misshapen joint, albeit no horse looked better trained, his rich chestnut coat shining like burnished copper, and he may be said to have been trained to the hour. It was admitted that he had not quite fulfilled the task set him before leaving home, but his belongings were very fond, and as Seston had been the examiner, no mistake could be made. Eau de Vie has not fined down as we expected she would, and is still common and coarse, with no sort of St. Leger cut about her, and we believe she ran quite unbacked by the stable. Boniface is fairly good-looking, but it was obvious that the hopes of the Machell party were centred in Master Kildare, a well-knit, rough and ready looking customer, with quite the Stockwell impress upon him; and all the clever men were busy backing him for the place which he ultimately succeeded in securing, and many still think he might have won, with Jannette out of the way. Of the Houldsworth pair, Glen-garry looked far fitter than at York, but still there is too much daylight under him, and Fordham sported the first colours on Attalus, a very "gentlemanly" stamp of horse, but not one of the rough and ready sort, and he had a sort of "bandbox" look about him which did not please. Beauclerc, was of course, a great centre of attraction, as he followed Durham round the enclosure, and it must be admitted that the Malton colt looked hard and well enough, though it was not pretended that I'Anson had not been able to put the finishing touches upon him to his liking. He has certainly not grown in any way since last year, when we described him as a very "set" colt, and apart from his mishap it may be doubted whether he could have held his own with more improved animals. Still there were a few who hoped against hope, and Yorkshiremen stood nobly by their pet, who may yet earn a few winning brackets in good company, but lusty condition of course told against him over the long and tiring course. Jannette and Childerick were the last to enter the paddock, which they passed through with Archer and Custance up, their toilet having been quietly made in the corner by the pond, whence so many Leger winners have gone forth in the old days. "The mare" looked bright, blooming, and wiry, but short of substance as compared with Childerick, in whom Matthew Dawson had indeed wrought a wondrous change since his somewhat ignominious displays at Ascot. No horse has thickened or furnished more in the three months' schooling which the head of affairs at Heath House had given him, and there is no saying into what he may not grow, while his heart seems to have got bigger with his body. Perhaps he has not quite the quality for which his sire's stock are mostly so conspicuous, but he has more power and substance than most of his handsome race, and, with luck, should grow into a cup horse for Lord Falmouth. We must certainly admit that our estimate of him has hitherto been too low, and we were not prepared for the change wrought in him by his clever trainer, who deserves all credit for his care and ability. Still the mare, as we have long anticipated she would, proved herself the better horse, for her success was very easily achieved, and we noticed before the race, when most of the field were sweating and fretting, Jannette was cool and collected, and in her canter she swept along with that long, low, easy stride which invariably tells of a confident strength and readiness for the fray. We need hardly add that the Falmouth triumph was well received, and the unprecedented feat has been accomplished of an owner running first and second in two successive years. The late Mr. Merry very nearly did the same trick, but at a long interval, and both he and Lord Falmouth are the sort of sportsmen deserving fortune's highest favours. Would there were more such to adorn the annals and to uphold the reputation of the British Turf!

## SKYLARK.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

NO LEAD or other poisonous or mineral admixtures are to be found in ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, which important fact has, during the last 8 years, proved it to be the safest, and owing to its great nourishing powers, the best hair restorer and beautifier in use. Of all chemists and perfumers. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d. (equal to four small) and 21s. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 25, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half an hour he passed a good many Worms, some powders of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment."—Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

## THE BELHUS SALE.

SIR THOMAS LENNARD'S sale is now too familiar a feature to the hunting world to need any preamble; we will merely observe that the outlay expended on the new stabling (said to exceed £3,000) looks like "staying," and that we think that the best judges will agree with us in commanding this year's class; nearly all the Stud are as even as if they had been bought out of one stable by one man. Crocus, indeed, we may never again look on the like of, for such a combination of power and quality is as rare as an aloe's bloom, but the middle-weight horses are nearly all of them superior to those of previous years, and there are one or two weight carriers well worth the attention of Nimrods, who, like Mr. Jorrocks, cannot be persuaded to get into the scales to see if they weigh "nearer eighteen stone or twenty." As heretofore we will make our comments on the sale catalogue in detail, and in support of our judgment we may mention that we have seen all the horses in the stable, many of them in the field, and have in 28 cases out of the 35 accepted Sir Thomas Lennard's offer to "have a leg up."

No. 1. VILLAGER.—A nice mover, very elastic, good mouth, legs show slight signs of work, as is natural to a horse that has carried a lady hunting; but altogether much too good to be No. 1 in a sale list.

No. 2. REPLEVIN.—Long—*too* long—but is on very short legs to compensate; good shoulders.

No. 3. MELISSA.—A nice mare, clever as a cat. We saw her perform.

No. 4. ZAZEL.—A wonderful back, a bold heart, a light mouth. We are hard hit here.

No. 5. OLIVIA.—Strong, and not in anywise coarse; jumped a big brook once in the Roostings that staggered all the staggers.

No. 6. SALINS.—No end of bone and power, a placid temper, but bold at his fences. Carries 17 stone, but gives a very comfortable feel under a feather-weight.

No. 7. NICOSIA.—There are no two opinions about Nicosia; great ribs and back quarters, model shoulders; a sweet hack—go and try her.

No. 8. LESBIA.—A decided weight carrier, with an extraordinary pair of breeches, a light head and neck, and a bold look, which fits the description that she has distinguished herself in the vales of Aylesbury. "She's just the mare that would."

No. 9. SIR WALTER.—Very good action and manners; a shrewd face and eye; a model in his way.

No. 10. HAWTHORN.—A fine quick jumper, and being only four years old, he may improve in many respects; a prize taken in Yorkshire.

No. 11. WARWICK.—All quality; a bargain for either man or woman. We say, as of Nicosia, go and see for yourselves.

No. 12. BALLINTOPPIN.—Strong as an elephant; a sensible, resolute-looking head; jumps standing.

No. 13. RINGLEADER.—Lovely shoulders; a brilliant back for those who can ride him; his present owner can, and likes it.

No. 14. MANTRAP.—Very strong of his sort; fast enough and bold enough for anyone, and temperate.

No. 15. GLENDALOUGH.—One of the pleasantest hacks possible; gentle, yet lively; perfect manners; a thorough weight-carrier of the most popular sort.

No. 16. TRALEE.—Should go to a smart middle-weight man in the Blues; good action; good looking; good mouth.

No. 17. CONGRESS.—Very difficult to come to the end of him, we suspect; we have felt him to be temperate, seen him to be clever, and approve generally of him, as of

No. 18. ORANGEMAN.—A beautiful mottled brown, with a lean well-bred head, who has the reputation of being a perfect charger, as we can believe, having seen his manners when carrying a lady.

No. 19. SUNBURST.—A brilliant horse, slightly lop-eared, if we remember aright. Shows a little work. Is said to have gone well in Northamptonshire in the beginning of one season, and as well in Essex at the end of it.

No. 20. NANCY LEE.—A rich dark brown; a thorough performer, but wouldn't carry any of the mutton-fisted order very comfortably. When you first get on her she snatches a little.

No. 21. LEINSTER.—A handsome young grey horse, who has highest testimonials from a lady who hunted last year. Extremely quiet and kind.

No. 22. COLUMBA.—Also gentle as a sucking dove. Carries a child, and is handsome enough for the park or Scots Greys.

No. 23. CARLOW.—Can gallop; can carry up to 16 stone; is a light easy hack, and what can you wish for more. Goes in harness, as does

No. 24. BASING.—A really fast horse under weight. We have seen him jump. He is clever and cautious, has carried 15 stone, and is handy to ride.

No. 25. CHARON.—A compact short-backed horse, jumps grandly, and is very quiet.

No. 26. INDEX.—A big thoroughbred; has an overreach, but his sinews are perfectly clean. He must be fast, and is a handy hack.

No. 27. BIANCONI.—The pick of the weight-carriers for a tall, heavy man. Sons of Anak, take notice.

No. 28. DUNLEER.—Has a hardworking look about him, and apparently requires a hard man to ride him; has a restive eye, but is said to be improving daily, as Dr. Johnson said, "We can wait, sir!"

No. 29. COGNOVIT.—One of the few horses in the sale that has any marks on him; his field hocks can certainly move, for he is an uncommonly fine goer, and jumps timber well.

No. 30. ELAINE suggests Tennyson, but also recalls Milton to our mind—

"Pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Elaine is all these, excepting devout, for she can't fall at anything.

No. 31. SHAMROCK.—A useful-looking, wear-and-tear chestnut; is said to have carried a lady in some good runs last season.

No. 32. FERMOY.—One of the horses we rode and much fancied; a little deficient in his back ribs, has fine shoulders, and a very good character.

No. 33. THE BLACK PEARL.—Such a wiry-looking, varmint little mare; shot with white hairs, a thought light in the waist perhaps; but take her all in all she's "just as high as my heart."

No. 34. FLIRT.—Should be sent to the show ring to win prizes, for we suspect that her charms surpass her qualities; looks as if she had a turn of speed.

No. 35. DUODECIMO, a black, strong, clever little cob, up to great weight, and a fine mover. Unfortunately, just now his coat is on the move, which partly spoils his appearance.

CLARE, a grey mare, who has taken two first prizes for jumping, has been added to the sale lots since the catalogues were printed. She is temperate and clever, and her jumping is a sight to see. We are not surprised that Sir Thomas thought it well to purchase her for his sale. She was a happy afterthought—walks, trots finely, and carries a lady.

The blood stock form a small and select party of four yearlings, four brood mares, and one stallion. The Rosicrucian filly and the filly by Scottish Chief out of Annette are alone worth the journey to Belhus; and Chloroform is, to our mind, the pick of the mares.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

UNLESS W. G. Grace very rapidly does something to restore his prestige as a batsman, the public will have to look somewhere else for a champion maker of long scores.

Since the advent of the Australians the value of good fielding has been enhanced, and last Thursday and Friday the Colonials accomplished what I believe is an unprecedented feat, viz., that of defeating Gloucestershire on their own ground. The home eleven went in first, but, thanks to the bowling of Spofforth, who caused the downfall of seven wickets for a total of 49 runs, they were only able to contribute 175, E. M. Grace making 23 not out, W. G. and W. O. Moberly 22 each.

In their innings the Australians topped their opponents by 71 runs, of which number C. Bannerman made 33, T. W. Garrett 43, and Spofforth 44. For the opposing side Miles bowled wonderfully well, his bowling analysis being 37 overs, 25 maidens, 49 runs, and 5 wickets.

Bad as was their first display, the Gloucestershire men did worse in the second, Rev. Hattersley Smith (19) and F. Townsend (18) being top scorers, W. G. going for 5 and E. M. for 13, whilst Gilbert could do more than just crack his egg, the full score only reaching 85, and Bailey and Spofforth had little trouble in knocking up the required 17.

To make up a three days' match, a return was started and concluded on the Saturday, when Gloucestershire made a good draw with 155 to 148, after an exciting match. For the county E. M. Grace headed the list with 55, W. G. being bowled for a duck, whilst the chief contributors of the Australian team were—Horan 35, A. Bannerman 31, and Garrett 27.

M.C.C. and Ground v. Yorkshire at Scarborough terminated in a draw on Saturday. In the first innings each side made 181, another peculiar feature being that the extras were nearly equal also, 12 and 11 respectively. C. J. Thornton made for M.C.C. 79, and Ulyett obtained 72 for the Tykes. In their second innings the visitors scored 112, Thornton again being top scorer with 35, but Yorkshire, despite a well-played 40 from Ulyett, had only obtained 88 for seven wickets when time was called.

Thomas Mantle, the Westminster School coach, had a bumping benefit at Vincent-square on Saturday. The match was eleven gentlemen and players against a team of twenty-two selected from clubs using the ground. The eleven won with 61 to 47, mainly owing to the good bowling of Barratt and Street; in fact, that portion of the play was good all round. Barratt took 14 wickets for 20 runs, bowling 22 overs (11 maidens), Street 6 wickets for 25 runs, bowling 23 overs (10 maidens); whilst on the part of the 22, Goodson sent down 24 overs (15 maidens) for 22 runs and 6 wickets, and Stocks 33 overs (17 maidens) for 27 runs and 4 wickets.

Poor Tom Humphrey was laid in his last resting-place at Woking Cemetery on Monday last, and amongst those who attended were his brother, Richard Humphrey, his father, Messrs. F. Gale, of Mitcham, C. Walcock, J. and W. Boys, J. Drewitt, and Jupp; Silcock, Julius Caesar, Swann, Barratt, and Elliott of the professionals also assembled to pay the last tribute to their old messmate. Humphrey was thirty-nine years of age last January.

At Scarborough, on Monday and Tuesday, the Australians were opposed to Eleven Gentlemen of England, and, although the actual result was a draw, it was all in favour of the Colonials. In their first innings the latter made 157, out of which W. L. Murdoch secured 44 (not out), and then they disposed of their rivals for 127, Hon. A. Lyttelton and C. J. Thornton, with 39 and 31 respectively, being highest contributors. Murdoch was again in good form in the second innings, as he compiled 49 ere Thornton bowled him, and as this good essay was well backed up by C. Bannerman (54), G. H. Bailey (41), and J. M. Blackham (30, not out), the respectable total of 242 had been reached for the loss of nine wickets, when stumps and the match had to be drawn.

Burghley Park v. Lord Burghersh's Eleven, at Stamford, on Saturday last, produced some rare good play. "Milord's" team were defeated, despite the fact that owing to a well-played 51 from the Rev. H. Reade and 30 from Lord E. Somerset, they raised their total to such respectable limits as 153. Messrs. H. R. Hunt and C. Neilson, however, came to the rescue of the Burghleyites with 83 and 60 respectively, and when time was called they had run together 203 for the loss of five wickets.

At Prince's, on Wednesday, was commenced the last match the Australians are likely to play in the metropolis, they being opposed by an eleven composed of Shaw, Ulyett, H. Phillips, Lockwood, Selby, Barratt, Rigley, Blamires, Shrewsbury, McIntyre, and Flowers. Despite the talent brought against them, the Australians kept their wickets throughout the whole of Wednesday, compiling the good total of 187, with three wickets to fall, out of which Spofforth made 33, Gregory 30 not out, and C. Bannerman 61. The Australians completed their innings for 236, principally owing to the absence of Morley and the loose fielding of the Playeis. The latter made 160, Selby playing a fine innings of 79, and the match was left drawn.

Kindly meant and British-like as the propositions of those sterling supporters of cricket, Messrs. Knight and Thoms are, I yet think, the extra pressure of allowing letters from all parts in support of their opinions to be inserted, with the idea of shaming the Colonials into playing a match against a representative English team on behalf of the fund for relieving the afflicted by the recent dreadful disaster on the Thames, somewhat out of place. My reasons are these—viz., that had the Australians meant to have done so they would have done it freely directly they saw a proposition made. I have to mourn the loss of two dear old friends, yet I am not making a false statement when I say that although their families are left in somewhat straitened circumstances they would disdain to receive anything which might have been obtained as a charity given with a niggard hand.

I am not so certain in my own mind that the Australians are not right. Were they to play on behalf of the fund, receiving expenses, and only giving a surplus, it would be, to my mind, very similar to the bombastic donations of so-and-so of a hundred sovereigns to some charity, as compared with the modest ten shillings sent anonymously. The Colonials have forwarded a hundred sovereigns to the fund of their own free will.

Several athletic meetings were held on Saturday last, but none of any great importance. At Lillie Bridge the attraction was a series of events promoted by the *employés* of Messrs. Pawson, when F. T. East, of the Surrey Bicycle Club, was credited with 9min 43sec for Three Miles—a best on record. I was there at the time, and as East got in front some distance from home, and was easing all up the straight, he did not appear to me to be going at the pace required, and I unhesitatingly must decline to give him the record. Moreover, I do not think he started from the proper scratch mark. S. J. Tailby, of the West London Harriers, with 20 yards start, won the Open Mile in the poor time of 4min 52sec, and A. Littell the 220 Yards Handicap, with 7 yards.

At Windsor and Eton sports on Saturday there must have been something radically wrong. Either the timekeeper, his watch, or the course was unreliable—scarcely all three, but the times were most absurd. I hardly can understand a portion of the programme when I see runners in club races described as of "no club." Is the Eton and Windsor Club a nonentity? Several first-class athletes competed, but under the circumstances mentioned above it is scarcely necessary for me to go into details.

The Stanley Bicycle Club at length managed to bring off their annual meeting at Alexandra Park, when first-class sport was shown. Derkinderen, of the Tower Hamlets B.C., with 50 yards, won the Two Miles Open Handicap; J. M. Dring, 70 yards, the Club Four Miles Handicap; W. H. Sargent, 50 yards, the Members' Mile; and F. Badcock, the Novices' Mile.

With the fixed purpose of gleaned as much intelligence as I possibly could on the forthcoming Championship and other sculling matches, I made a journey to Putney on Wednesday. Neither Blackman nor Boyd was there, but the latter was expected on Thursday, whilst I do not think it matters much when the former returns from his trip to Ipswich, as I am at length brought to think that he is a "duffer." Higgins I saw out twice, but cannot say I was as pleased as several of his friends, and I think he will this time have to lie down before Elliott, who did some real good sterling work, despite the fact that he was suffering from suppuration of the toe.

In past races I have been accustomed to give a tip, but when one does not know the draw it is somewhat dangerous to prognosticate, and this information cannot be gleaned until after my notes are in the press. However, I shall make a bold dash, and forsaking my old love, the Shadwell sculler, plump for Elliott right out, whilst Higgins and Boyd if drawn together will, I think, make a rare race of it, and the former should take second prize, whilst if my prophecy comes right, and Boyd and Blackman have to fight for third money I shall stand the former.

On Saturday next Joseph Sadler and Hawdon, of Delaval, row their match over the Championship course for a hundred sovereigns, and, although some heavy mettle is floating for the Londoner, my inclinations point to Hawdon as the winner, believing in the old maxim that youth must be served.

Last Friday evening the Otter S.C. decided a badge competition. To obtain the order a competitor had to swim four lengths or 97 yards in 1min 15sec. W. Byrne Jones alone won, taking the exact time allowed, J. J. Rope occupying 1min 20sec, and C. L. O'Malley 1min 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec.

Those who missed going to the Surrey County Baths, Brixton, upon the occasion of Surrey S.C. holding their fourth annual entertainment in racing costume lost a treat. This latter condition I should like to have seen rescinded, and then we could have had the ladies; little dears, there are plenty of them about that neighbourhood, and I fancied I saw many sisters furtively journeying up the road, no doubt with the sinister idea of adopting male costume and thus obtaining admission. I must pull up my boots a trifle, however, or I shall have my old friend, Donaldson, the ruling spirit of the meeting, prosecuting me for defamation of character on behalf of some fair damsel or other.

As I entered the bath the first thing which struck me was its adaptability for such a meeting, and then I looked up into the galleries, and was astonished at the strength of the company; of course, I mean their numbers, and I can tell my readers there was some strength about as well.

One more glance around showed me where the diving-board was, and there stood the congenial-faced Donaldson and his fellow officials just in the act of starting the Plunging competition. There were handicap allowances, and S. Willis, of the Otter S.C., who received 16ft, made an essay of 47ft, which was too good for the top-weight, J. Ingram, of the Whitehall S.C., who did 55ft, he being also beaten by H. Ledger, Norwood S.C., who, receiving 19ft, did 40, and H. Eyre, of the same club, with a foot less, who covered 39ft 4in. Much excitement was vested in a Cadet Race, distance fifty yards, which Hickie won by half a yard from G. Murray in 45sec.

A brief interval occurred, and then four fine specimens of human nature came on the board to compete for the Five Hundred Yards Level Race, and these were W. Byrne-Jones, of the Ilex—"isn't he a beauty"; H. J. Barron, an Otter; F. Brumleaw, of the Surrey; and F. E. Odell, of the Ilex—the latter a very much (h)otter man than the others cared about meeting, as he won very easily by thirty yards, time 8min 14 sec; after which H. Ellis, of the Surrey, sailed home in front of five others in the Novices' race.

Scarcely can it be expected that I can wade through all the heats of the Open Hundred Yards Handicap, which had received forty-five entries, and produced some grand racing. It was a treat to see Donaldson, who acted as starter, especially as to his forehead, where huge beads of perspiration stood visible to all. The Hundred eventually was won by C. W. C. Webb, of the Norwood S.C., 23sec start, but only by a yard, from S. Willis, Otter S.C., 17sec, he being but a foot, or rather a hand, in front of E. Abinger, of the Surrey, 25sec. Time of heat 1min 32sec.

Once or twice I had seen Donaldson, Cheeseman, and others furtively creeping into the "Ladies' Waiting-room," and my inquisitive propensities being aroused I, rat-like, began to endeavour to unravel their intentions. Not long was I left in doubt as to the reason of these cautious visits, for the former "tipping me the wink," as they say down Shoreditch (everything Eastern is the rage now, and I must be in the fashion), I "glide" into the aforesaid sacred enclosure, and there I saw—not what you think, gentlemen—but a selection of bottles, much conduced to a refresher for the inner man, and a splendid round of beef. Ye gods! I am naturally very modest, but it all evaporated at the sight.

Unless I finish up, however, I shall have my editor erasing the whole of the report, and therefore I can only state that J. J. Rope, Otter S.C., 3 secs (he ought to have had his namesake on his back for what he tried to make me believe when he swam second in his trial), won the Open Hurdle Handicap easily; W. R. Sewell, another Otter, secured the Tub race—fancy an otter in a tub; it was a sight; A. Barker, 38 secs, the Club 200 Yards Handicap; F. Dean, Norwood S.C., 33 secs, the 300 Yards; and J. Ingram, the Consolation.

## EXON.

THE Guildford Coach horses were sold at Tattersall's on Monday, and realised fair prices. They were twenty-one in number, and fetched 1,367 guineas, making an average of 65 guineas.

The Boston Times tells the following story of Mdme. Ilma di Murska:—She and her husband, Mr. John Hill, were counting up the proceeds of a week's entertainment in Detroit, when a dispute arose over a small roll of notes, containing 6 dols. or 7 dols. The quarrel grew thicker, and Di Murska picked up the roll and threw it into the fire, saying, "Zere, now, we will no more trouble have about zat!" She soon discovered that the small roll was still on the table, and that she had thrown into the fire a wad of greenbacks containing 800 dols.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Jackson and Graham, of Oxford-street, whose exhibits at the Paris Exposition we described in our issue of May 4th have, as we predicted they would, been classed the International Prix, "Le Grand Prix Unique," in class 17, devoted to "Meubles à bon Marché et Meubles de luse."

## A ROYAL "SILVER WEDDING."

WE have stopped our artists on the threshold of the Royal Palace at Brussels at the moment of entry of the provincial delegates. We must also enter to-day with them, and see in what manner they have been received by their illustrious hosts. With other aspects of ceremonies pertaining to the Silver Wedding we are not now concerned. The religious fete was most curious; an enormous crowd stood in the neighbourhood of St. Gudule, and the church was crowded from eight o'clock in the morning with curious sightseers from all parts of Belgium. It was with difficulty that the Royal carriages could make their way through the surging waves of this human ocean. Although the "Te Deum" had been announced for half-past ten it was a quarter-past ten when the first carriage made their appearance. All the carriages of the "Corps Diplomatique" took part in the cortège, as also those of the Chamber, the Senate, the Court of Appeal, &c., &c., escorted by the Guides. At the door of the church the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, assisted by several bishops and surrounded by his clergy, waited on the King and Queen. Their Majesties alighted, followed by the Count of Flanders, the Prince of Germany (*sic*) and the Archduke of Austria (*sic*), and were conducted in procession to a throne, opposite to that of Monsignor de Malines. After the "Te Deum" their Majesties accompanied by their suite, regained their carriages, this forming the subject of our artist's sketch, presenting admirably as it does the splendid interior of the beautiful Cathedral of St. Gudule.

## THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT LANCASTER.

THE show of the Royal Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society was got up with an amount of spirit and liberality which have been generally appreciated. In class 3, for bulls above two and under three years, twelve were entered, and the mistake of the Northumberland judges in passing over Kalamazoo was rectified; he won second prize for Mr. Dennant, Mr. Willis's Vice-Admiral being put before him, and Mr. Ralph's Bright Duke in the third place. Mr. Elwell's Baines Windsor was highly commended. In class 4, for yearling bulls, of the eight entries Mr. Handley's white Lord St. Vincent won first; Mr. B. Bee's bull was second, and Mr. W. Robinson's Aylesby Waterloo bull was third. Nine bull calves were entered. Here Mr. Handley won again; Mr. J. Woodhouse's Fennell Duke was second, and Mr. St. John Ackers's half-brother to his Ladies Carew was third. Cows in milk were a very grand class, as may be understood when it is said that sixteen were entered, and not a bad one among them. Telemaina (refreshed by rest) was first, one of Mr. T. H. Miller's Ringlets second, and Air. Fawcett's Maggie Mildred third; Moonshine getting highly commended for Mr. Atkinson. Unnoticed were two from Prinknash, two of Mr. Handley's, two of Mr. Dickinson's, with old Blooming Bride and the neat young Blushing Rose, with other really famous cattle. In heifers under three years Lord Ellesmere's daughter of Blooming Bride was first again, and Lady was unnoticed. A very charming heifer (Patience) won second prize for Mr. Jacob Nelson. She is very like the Ladies Carew—by her sire she is related to them—but has a firmer backbone; and a nice Rose Mary (Mr. Handley's) was placed third. In the class for heifers between one and two years, 3rd Lady Carew was put first; and the Marquis of Exeter's two took the other prizes; Mr. T. H. Mellor and Mr. W. Robinson were both highly commended.

The following is a list of the animals selected by our artist, with the numbers attached to them:—1. Mr. C. E. Duckering's two-year-old boar; 2. Mr. B. St. J. Ackers's sow and pigs; 3. Mr. P. B. D. Cooke's Border Leicester ram; 4. Mr. C. Byrd's ram lamb; 5. Mr. J. Peel's black-faced mountain ram; 6. Mr. B. St. J. Ackers's bull; 7. Mr. W. A. Meadows's Champion; 8. Mr. W. Handley's bull calf; 9. Mr. G. Jones's Welsh cows; 10. Mr. C. W. Brierley's Ayrshire cow.

The judges of pure shorthorns were Messrs. G. H. Sanday and Mr. Ashburner; Messrs. J. Dickinson and J. Gardner judged other breeds of cattle; Messrs. H. Turnbull and F. E. Parsons judged light, Messrs. Longton and Gibbons heavy, horses; Messrs. Culshaw and Dodds judged the swine. Sheep classes had (as all classes ought) three judges; they were Messrs. Masen, J. Roberts, and Irving. With fine weather and good things to see, a crowd of visitors had a very interesting exhibition at Lancaster.

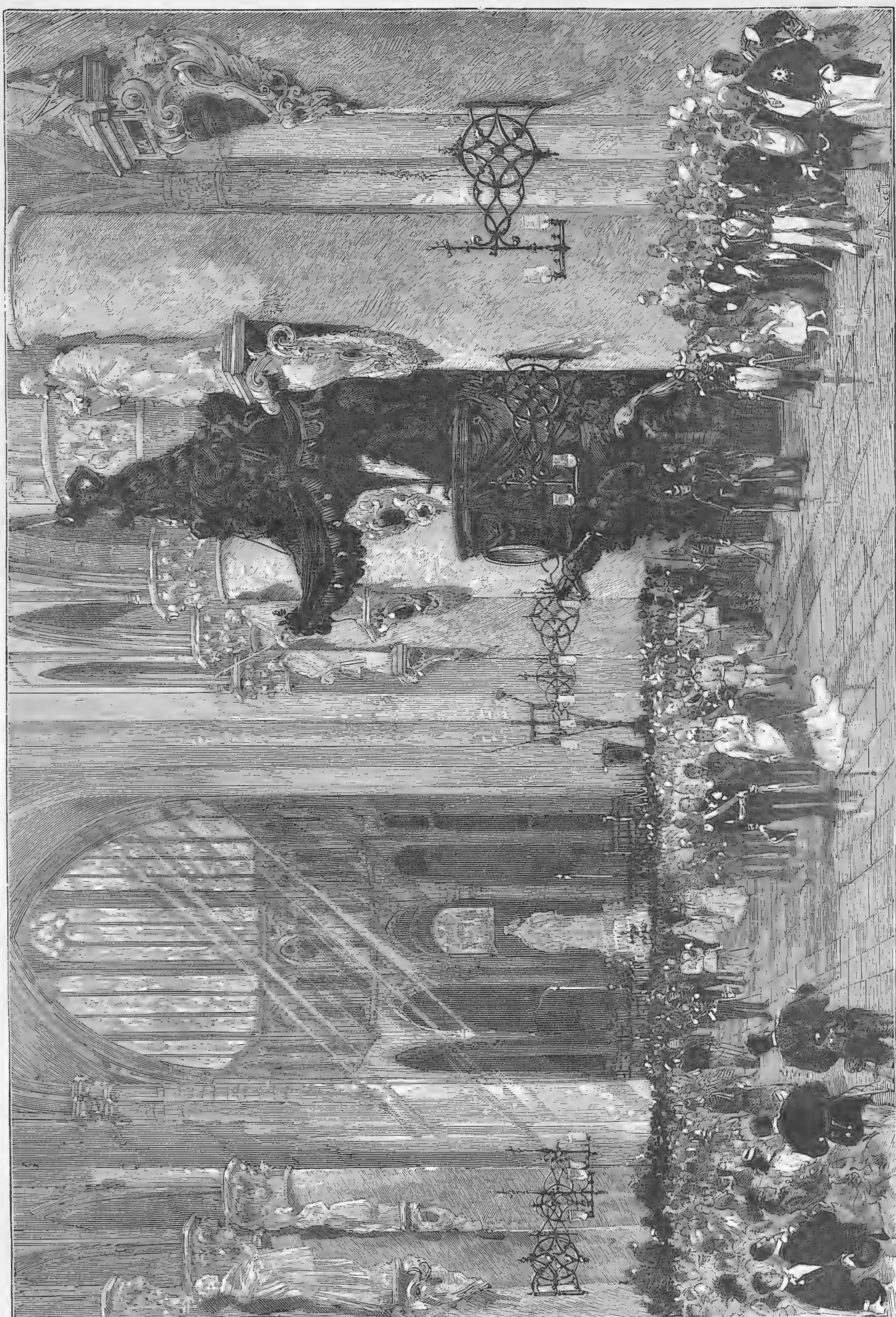
## AGRICULTURAL MEETING AT SVENDSBORG.

DENMARK has so excellent a reputation for progress in the arts of civilization, that it is no subject for surprise to find it vying with greater countries in exhibitions. Its International Exhibition at Copenhagen in 1873 was well able to hold its own in point of novelty with any of the larger exhibitions that have attracted the attention of the world. The little town of Svendborg is remarkable for an old saying that the two most important towns in Europe are Paris and Svendborg. Hence it was particularly fitting that in the year when its rival is exciting so much interest with the biggest exhibition on record, little Svendborg should astonish all Denmark, if not all Europe, by an unusually large Agricultural Show. Our illustration gives some idea of the arrangement of the show, which covered some twelve acres of ground, and included every article of field produce, as well as agricultural machinery, horses, and cattle. The machinery was naturally the great centre of attraction, and here England, Germany, and America entered into a lively competition with Denmark on her soil. The day of shortsighted prejudice against reaping, mowing, and ploughing machines has long gone by, and the Danish farmer is by no means dull to the immense improvements brought about by their aid. Need we add that English exhibitors, whose names it would be invidious to mention, were amongst the foremost, both in perfection of workmanship and novelty of application.

WE are informed that Miss Connie, did not—as stated in our last—play Jack in the Box, she being at that time but a very little girl, fitted only for a smaller part.

MISS JENNY BEAUCLERC'S Opera-bouffe Company (under a special arrangement with Mr. J. W. R. Burns) are playing to crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Doncaster, *Girofle* and *Madame Angot* being given on alternate nights. Miss Jenny Beauclerc as *Girofle* and Clairette Angot is everything to be desired, having a good voice, a handsome face, with a fine figure, and acts with a great deal of vivacity. Miss Alice Cooke is a most efficient Paquita and Mdlle. Lange; indeed, the whole of the parts are well rendered. The orchestra is small but good, and is under the leadership of Frank Musgrave. The dresses are good, and the play is altogether well put on the stage. Miss Jenny Beauclerc is the proprietress, and Mr. H. Beauclerc acting manager.

WE have received a very handsome little book, printed in colours, issued gratis, by the proprietor of the "Oxford and Cambridge Toilet Club," containing the name of the winners, &c., of the St. Leger Stakes from 1839 to 1878.



THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING IN BELGIUM.—THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE AFTER THE "TE DEUM."

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

ARMED with offerings of broken looking-glass, coloured beads, feathers, and a large assortment of bottled perfumes, I ventured to interview the members of that noble band of "genuine freed negro slaves" that are at present delighting the audiences of the Royal Aquarium and Princess's Theatres. I found them amiable, intelligent, thirsty as a rule, and perfectly harmless, although the peculiar black polish which nature has



used to burnt-cork these creatures is rather stronger in flavour than that used at the St. James's Hall or by the Mohawk Minstrels. I also had the melancholy opportunity of interviewing a few white people who have joined themselves to this band either for religious or pecuniary motives, notably Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Jarrett, of that eminent firm of amusement merchants, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer. I will proceed to give the results of the various interviews as nearly as I can remember them. The first I had the pleasure of talking with was

MISS SARAH WASHINGTON, THE INIMITABLE CAMPLEADER AND SHOUTER.

"All a mistake, massa, I neber hab no kind or sort ob connection with ole George Washington, de rale original president

at Richmond awhile Massa Pike he hears me, an' he say, 'tarnation take me, but dis year gal would be a good show to draw blood from the blamed Methodists and psalm-grinders around creation.' So he buy me up an' put me along wid de oder boys an' gals, an' teaches us to sing de 'Wide Riber' an' de 'Beautiful Gates Ajar,' an' 'Cannan bright Cannan,' an' to slap our hands and turn up our eyes an' say, 'Glory, glory, I so happy!' Den Massa Pike he put on a parson's coat, an' he goes around wid us. We was here in London, only Massa Pike he wouldn't let us go to de featre 'cause he says it didn't look all-fired religious enough for a sanctified show like his, so we goes about, an' Massa Spurgeon, an' ole Jobson de Mefodist, an' all dem critters gib us tea an' cakes all de time. Golly! I guess slaberry was better nor dis yere period ob existence. But Massa Pike he got sick ob our shoutin', an' takes all de money he makes an' chuck us ober to Massa Jarrett for de featre line ob business, sayin' he hab made 'nough money for de glory ob heaven and don't want to see our tarnation black muzzles agin. So here we are, a-singing ob hymns, only it's better in a featre, an' Massa Jarrett lets us 'muse ourselves anyhow. I'm gwin to Brighton on Sunday, that's a sure thing."

## HORACE WESTON, THE CHAMPION BANJOIST OF THE WORLD.

"Guess I ain't gwin to inform you jest where I was ris. This nigger's two or tree days older dan to do no sich a thing. I can play de banjo an' no mistake—quite agree wid you in dat statement, sah. But lor a muss on yer, its all downright trickery. De dear simple white folk know nuffin at all about it. I comes on de stage an' I sit on the stool, an' I take great big banjo an' I winks at Misra Mallandaine, an' he turn on de band, an' den I shake my finger at de banjo an' de people tink I play! Not a bit! dis childs too ole to hurt him knuckles. What does he do? Why bless ya, he gits a banjo wid its belly full ob wheels, an' he wind him up, an' when he winks for de band to play up he lets him off. Yas! I guess you are about right; dat am de reason why dis chile gets a difrent banjo for ebery tune!"

## MR. CHARLES WARNER—("GEORGE HARRIS.")

"No, I am not any connection of Mr. Warner who plays the Welsh harp, and I don't really see what business it is of yours who I am or what I am. If you want to know why I have got mixed up with this crew, I tell you straight I don't know; perhaps you had better ask Gooch, or little Clark of the bars, he seems to know a good deal. Perhaps I wanted to get converted and go psalm-singing with the black girls. One thing I do know as a certainty, it has taught me not to burn after a professional visit to America. I have made up my mind to stick to England, home, and beauty."

## A NEGRO PICKED FROM THE CROWDS OF GENUINE FREED SLAVES.

"I was born at Barking Creek. What part of 'Merica is that in? Why it ain't in 'Merica at all, but just where it ought to be—down by Dog Island in d' Thames. Don't yer see, I'm a nigger, but I've never been hout of 'appy Hengland in my born days—aven't 'ad the chawnce. Bless yer 'art, there's 'undereds of us down by the river there, and 'undereds more hin the docks all about. Well, one black nigger's as good as another as long as 'e can tip a stave, and blame me if *you* could pick us hout on the stage as wch come hover with the 'Shouter and the 'Coons' and which as pick up at the docks. I first learnt the plantation songs up at the Hagrercultural 'All in Islington, when old Mood and Sankey 'ad a 'undered there at a bob a night to swell the glorious band as they called it. I like the theatre well enough, but it's a blessed sight 'arder work than we are used to down at the Island or in the docks. Thankee guvnor, 'ere's your 'ealth."

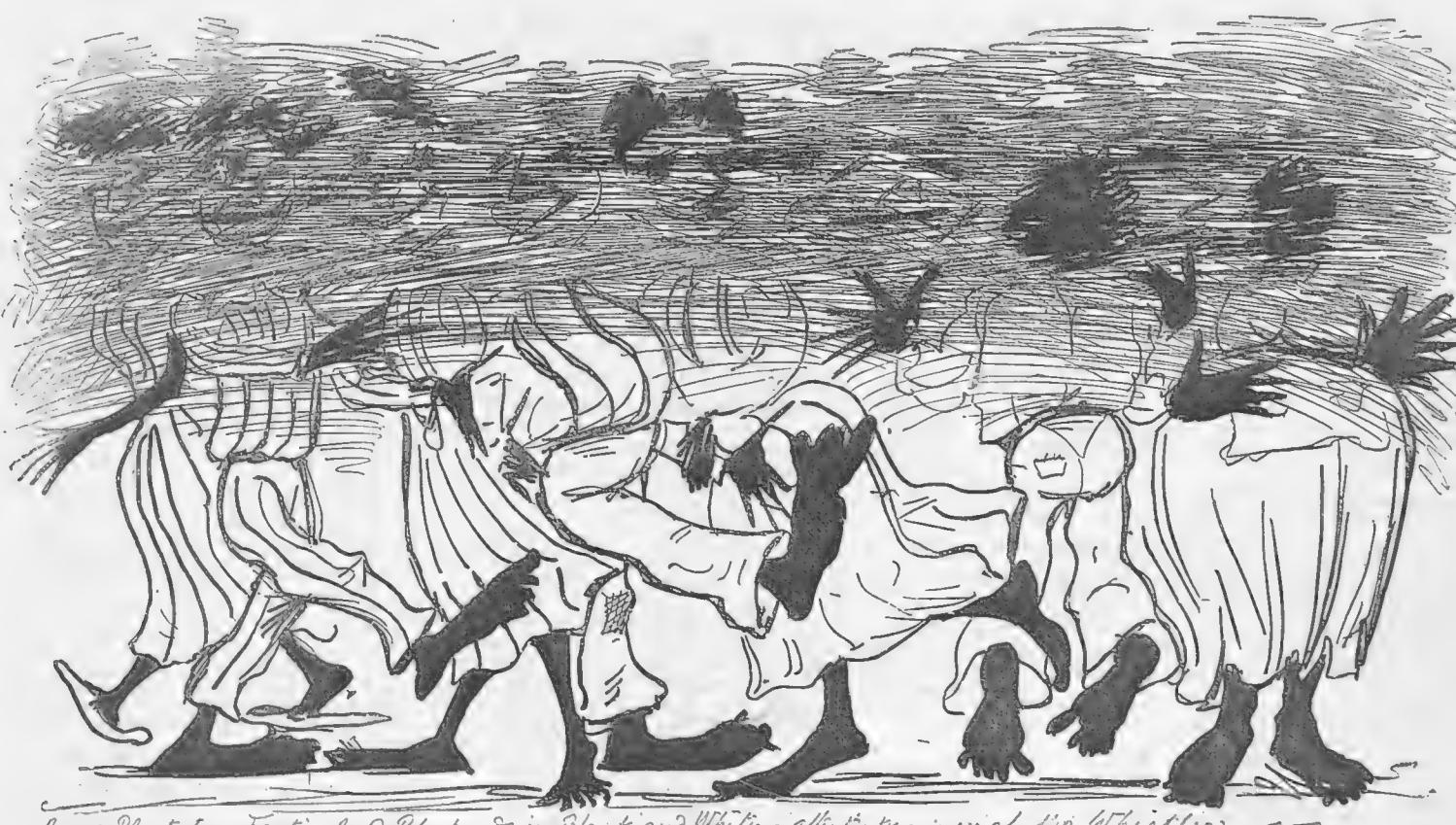
## MR. JARRETT, OF MESSRS. JARRETT AND PALMER, N.Y., U.S.A.

"I am perfectly satisfied with the reception accorded to the

regarding the division of profits) and threwe the Princess's and Aquarium Theatres at our disposal. I do not set much stress upon the marvellous enterprise we have displayed in bringing over a crowd of genuine niggers. The uninitiated, of course, see it from a different point of view than would naturally be taken by an experienced showman like myself. After all, blacks don't want so much money as whites; they have stronger lungs for this shouting business, and where you want a black-faced crowd, see what it saves in burnt cork! But I beg a thousand pardons, I think I am diverging from my original tone. If you will allow me, I will read a portion of our pamphlet. We state here, with regard to carting these niggers across to you, that 'it would no



doubt inspire the dramatic relation and greatly contribute toward absorbing the interest and attention and gaining the approval of intelligent British audiences.' I may also quote that, 'The religious fervour which pervades all their songs, even the wildest of their strange compositions, is a noticeable feature in the element of their vocal strains, and calls for respectful consideration.' If you will kindly take the pamphlet, you will see more fully our object. Hem! regarding the drama: well, the drama of course is—well, a drama. I have never quite understood it myself, but perhaps that is because I have only witnessed it some four or five hundred times. It never struck me before, but I think I will write to Fawcett Rowe and ask him which is the beginning and which is the end. I quite agree with you, sir,



ob de States. I'm kind ob diff'rent colour from him, and it won't wash nohow. Dere's no mistake, I can shout just a bit. I fust kimmended de little game where I was ris, down at Richmond—not de Richmond I go last Sunday to hab dinnerwid de ole gentleman as hangs around here a considerable deal. No, golly, not dat ar Richmond, ya, yah! What would Massa Pike, dat teach us all to sing hymns and lobe de Lord, say if he know I go to de Stais and Garters on Sunday wid de ole dibble ob a Mejau—ho, golly, he would squear! When I shout down

moral show I have brought over for the improvement of the British mind. It has proved a monetary success, although that boded to me and my partner be but a trifling consideration in comparison with the success which we aimed at and have happily attained, that of utilising the stage and stage performances for the dissemination of religious fervour. When we first suggested it, those great and good men, Mr. Walter Gooch and Mr. Wybrow Robertson, came forward in the most patriotic manner immediately (or at least after a slight delay relative to agreements

Miss Marie Bates is very clever in her impersonation of Topsy, and is worth a mint of money—that is, I mean—adds to the successful distribution of the morals pointed in this exhibition. Good night, I shall be glad if you will come and see the show at the Aquarium. I fancy the singing is somewhat better there—the negroes always sing better before meals; and as they are devils to eat—hem!—I mean, are blest with good appetites, their dinner occasionally—hem!—interferes with their religious fervour. Good night."

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## WARWICK RACES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

The SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Newsome's ch c Primesaultier, by Macgregor—Unfashionable Beauty, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (Constable), 1; Acrobat, 2; Wofferton, 3; 7 ran.

The LEANINGTON HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Leleu's b h Kineton, by Grimston—Neroli, 6 yrs, 8st 6lb (Newhouse), 1; Oxford Beau, 2; Somnus, 3; 7 ran.

A MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. E. Weaver's br c Bran, by Brown Bread—Ishtar, 8st 4lb (Wainwright), 1; Passing Bell, 2; Glee, 3; 6 ran.

The GRENDON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Major Stapylton's b f Sword Knot, by Speculum—Sabre, 8st 12lb (Webb), 1; Sunburn, 2; Groundbait, 3; 10 ran.

The ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. F. Leleu's b f Daisy Wreath, by Buckenham—Retreat, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (£50) (Newhouse), 1; Cuckoo, 2; Miss Croft, 3; 4 ran.

The KENILWORTH PLATE.—Sir W. Throckmorton's ch h Herald, by Laneret—Nightjar, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb (Glover), 1; Lady Ronald, 2; Vittoria, 3; 5 ran.

The JUVENILE FLYING PLATE was declared void.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

The SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's br c Carnage, by Mars—Fury, 7st 12lb (Morgan), 1; 3 ran.

The STUDLEY CASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Gretton's br f Hernia, by Hermit—Brigantine, 7st 12lb (Lemaire), 1; Miasma, 2; Duke of York, 3; 6 ran.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. E. Hobson's b c Tornado, by Favonius—Highland Fling, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (W. McDonald), 1; Prime-saultier, 2; Coriander, 3; 5 ran.

The WARWICK WELTER CUP (handicap)—Major Stapylton's b c Senator, by Speculum—My Mary, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb (inc 4lb ex) (F. Webb), 1; Oxford Beau, 2; Rife, 3; 5 ran.

A SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. Raine's bl or br g Acrobat, by Kinsman—Lulu, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb (G. Clement), 1; Miss Croft, 2; Victoire, 3; 5 ran.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE.—Mr. E. Weaver's br c Bran, by Brown Bread—Ishtar, 8st 4lb (£50) (Wainwright), 1; br f by Brown Bread—Defamation, 2; Passing Bell, 3; 5 ran.

The COUNTY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Ellerton's b f Ersilia, by Rosicrucian—Hilda, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Wyatt), 1; King Sheppard, 2; Dunkenney, 3; 8 ran.

## RICHMOND RACES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

The TRIAL PLATE.—Marquis Talon's b f Telephone II, by Stentor—Minna, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb (Bell), 1; f by The Ranger—Miss Langton, 2; Miss Martyr, 3; 4 ran.

The SAPLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Chapman's br c Ben Lomond, by Macgregor—Influence, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex) (J. Snowden), 1; Skelmore, 2; 3 ran.

The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' PLATE.—Mr. T. Lamb's b g Unicorn, by Lord Lyon—Golden Horn, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (£50) (J. Snowden), 1; Joachim, 2; Vic, 3; 6 ran.

The EASY NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Stark's bl or br f by Landmark—Success, 7st 3lb (Williamson), 1; Miss Whiting, 2; Altwina, 3; 9 ran.

The RICHMOND CUP (handicap plate)—Mr. W. Metcalfe's ch c Wandering Willie, by Glenlyon—Louisa, by Weatherbit, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (J. Watson, junr.), 1; Kendal, 2; Blue Bonnet, 3; 6 ran.

The RICHMOND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. G. Oliver's gr f White Rose, by Rococo—Alice Grey, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (Howey), 1; Highland Mary, 2; Skogate Maid, 3; 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

The ZETLAND WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Green's br f Spinster, by Hermit—Bicycle, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (Snowden), 1; Balfour, 2; Ingemere, 3; 3 ran.

The BURTON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's ch f Miss Whiting, by Cathedral—Winifred (h-b), 7st 8lb (G. Cooke), 1; Arcl, 2; Coquette, 3; 8 ran.

The MEMBERS' HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Hudson's b f Mrs. Pond, by Parmesan—Lady Highborn, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 7lb ex) (W. Platt), 1; Helios, 2; Skelgate Maid, 3; 7 ran.

The BELSAS SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Cunningham's b f Vic, by Vedette—Maid of Perth, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (Collins), 1.

The WRIGHT STAKES.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's ch c Mausoleum, by Landmark—Memoria, 8st 12lb (Griffiths), 1; 3 ran.

## CURRAGH SEPTEMBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

The SCURRY STAKES (handicap)—Capt. Gubbins' ch f May Day, by Uncas—Larkaway, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (M. Ryan), 1; Cimaron, 2; Shinglass, 3; 7 ran.

The KILDARE HANDICAP.—Mr. Cashman's b f Matilda, by Solon—Venus, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (P. Behan), 1; Tyrconnell, 2; Trumps, 3; 6 ran.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Doucic's b f Athy, by Knight of the Garter—Gazelle, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (T. Broderick), 1; Turco, 2; Piersfield, 3; 5 ran.

The ANGLESAY STAKES.—Mr. W. Durne's b c by Roman Bee—Tawney, 8st 10lb (J. Connolly), 1; Dame Durden, 2; Bellatoris, 3; 9 ran.

The FLYING HANDICAP.—Mr. Taylor's b c by Ventnor—Georgiana, 2 yrs, 6st 13lb (Miley), 1; Goldhill, 2; Granuaile, 3; 5 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Doucic's b f Athy, by Knight of the Garter—Gazelle, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (T. Broderick), 1; 3 ran.

The EASTERN PLATE (handicap)—Mr. S. J. Barry's br c Valour, by Victor, dam by Mount Zion, 3 yrs, 8st (F. Wyne), 1; Philammon, 2; Prophet, 3; 10 ran.

MARBLE HILL STAKES.—Mr. J. Colgan's br f The Squaw, by Uncas—Saraparilla, 8st 3lb (Lynch), 1; Bellatoris, 2; Marchioness, 3; 6 ran.

The STAND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. M. Delamere's Tyrconnell, by Lord Ronald—Connemara, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (J. Connolly), 1; Sligo, 2; Latchford, 3; 7 ran.

The NURSERY STAKES (handicap)—Mr. E. Bourke's br f Solace, by Solon—Eva, 7st 4lb (Miley), 1; Wisecare, 2; Solver, 3; 5 ran.

## CROYDON SEPTEMBER RACES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

The NORWOOD HANDICAP.—Mr. P. Fowler-Jones's bk c Berzelius, by Cucumber out of Hygeia, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (Weddon), 1; Short Grove, 2; Opopanax, 3; 8 ran.

The SELLING NURSERY PLATE (Handicap)—Mr. G. Trimmer's b f by Winslow out of Industry, 7st 10lb (J. Jarvis), 1; Star Queen, 2; Prince, 3; 9 ran.

The SHIRLEY PLATE.—Mr. Newsome's ch 4 Primesaultier, by Macgregor out of Unfashionable Beauty, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (Constable), 1; 7 ran.

The WOODSIDE PLATE (Handicap)—Mr. Ellerton's b f Ersilia, by Rosicrucian out of Hilda, 3 yrs, 8st (including 7lb extra) (Constable), 1; Zazel, 2; Elsham Lad, 3; 12 ran.

The MILE SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Steven's b h Bloomfield, by Broomeclaw out of Idyl, aged, 7st 12lb (Barlow), 1; 9 ran.

The CROYDON SEPTEMBER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Warrington's ch c Orthos, by Typhoeus out of Lady Margaret, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (Luke), 1; Gordon, 2; Runnymede, 3; 8 ran.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

The CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. S. Evershed's br g Mayboy, by Thunderbolt out of Blanche, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb (Luke), 1; Zazel, 2; Hudibras, 3; 11 ran.

The JUVENILE PLATE.—Mr. R. James's br f Mistral, by Macaroni out of Flying Cloud, 7st 8lb (Harding), 1; Cherry Pie, 2; Patrol, 3; 13 ran.

The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Burton's br m Evening News, by Bredabane or Kettledrum out of Jenny Jones, aged, 9st 7lb (including 5lb extra) (Barlow), 1; Le Promeneur, 2; Gordon, 3; 7 ran.

The COOMBE MANOR PLATE.—Mr. James Nightingall's c by Lecturer out of Belle Sauvage, 2 yrs, 7st 9lb (Weddon), 1; 7 ran.

The CROYDON NURSERY.—Mr. J. Jenkin's br f Zabina, by Toxophilite out of Lydia, 7st 8lb (Weddon), 1; Bertram, 2; f by Master Richard out of Teeswater, 3; 7 ran.

The WEST WICKHAM HANDICAP.—Mr. Patmore's b f Vexation, by Cardinal York out of Troublesome, 4 yrs, 8st (Aldridge), 1; 9 ran.

## DERBY RACES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

The MELINELL PLATE.—Mr. G. Trimmer's b g Hoya, by Restitution—Panoply, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Quits, 2; Goral, 3; 9 ran.

The BEAUSERET WELTER PLATE.—Mr. Hibbert's br f Pearlina, by Brown Bread—Defamation, 3 yrs, 9st 13lb (Newhouse), 1; Master Everard, 2; Titania II, 3; 8 ran.

The DEVONSHIRE NURSERY PLATE (Handicap)—Mr. C. J. Bedford's ch f Sunnymbrae, by Lacydes—Nameless Nannie, 7st 10lb (Morgan), 1; Hemia, 2; Lune, 3; 9 ran.

The DERBYSIRE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's b f The Rowan, by Speculum—Ashling, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb (Collins), 1; Julius Celsus, 2; Lady Mostyn, 3; 8 ran.

The ELEVASTON CASTLE SELLING STAKES.—Mr. W. M. Raine's br g Acrobat, by Kinsman—Lulu, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (Clement), 1; 8 ran.

The BRETBY PLATE.—Mr. Etches's b f by Favonius—Cheric, 7st 12lb (W. Macdonald), 1; Court Beauty, 2; br c by Rosicrucian—Frivolity, 3; 4 ran.

The WATERFORK HURDLE RACE PLATE (Handicap).—Mr. W. H. Pearson's br m Domiduca, by Miner—Interduca, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb (C. Archer), 1; Dunham Massy, 2; Truth, 3; 5 ran.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

The LOUDOUN NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. G. E. Paget's b f Chit Chat, by Albert Victor—Gazza Ladra, 8st 5lb (Glover), 1; Serina, 2; Polpetti, 3; 11 ran.

HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. A. Bayley's bl g Cicero, by John Davis—Hagar, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; 5 ran.

The CHADDESDEN PLATE (Welter Handicap).—Mr. Bowes's b m Skotzka, by Blair Athol—Klarinska, 6 yrs, 9st 9lb (Mr. J. H. Peart, jun.), 1; Thirkleby, 2; Mistress of the Robes, 3; 7 ran.

The HARDWICK PLATE (Selling Handicap).—Lord Bateman's b f Perforse, by Wilberforce—Threat, 7st 12lb (Wainwright), 1; 7 ran.

THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—Mr. E. Etches's br c Mangosten, by Julius—Mangosten, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb (J. Toon), 1; 7 ran.

The HARTINGTON PLATE (Handicap).—Mr. W. H. Shaw's b h Telescope, by Speculum—Remembrance, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb (J. Snowden), 1; Tribute, 2; Lady Mostyn, 3; 16 ran.

The DRAKELOWE PARK PLATE.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Reredos, by Cathedral—Worry, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Gunlock, 2; Primrose, 3; 6 ran.

## DONCASTER RACES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

The FITZWILLIAM STAKES.—Mr. T. Jennings's ch g Ecossais, by Blair Athol—Margery Dav, aged, 10st (J. Goater), w.o.

The FILLY STAKES.—Mr. J. Snarry's b f Jessie Agnes, by Macaroni—Polly Agnes, 8st 10lb (T. Chaloner), 1; ch f by Macaroni—Charlotte Russe, 2; 2 ran.

The DONCASTER PLATE (handicap).—Duke of Westminster's b c King Boreas by King Tom—Borealis, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb (J. M'Donald), 1; Dalgarno, 2; 2 ran.

The GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.—Lord Zetland's b c Flotsam, by Speculum—Flotilla, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (W. M'Donald), 1; Rylstone, 2; Jagellon, 3; 8 ran.

A MATCH.—Mr. C. Barriss's b f Cleopatra, by King Hall—Medallion, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (W. M'Donald), 1; Rylstone, 2; Jagellon, 3; 8 ran.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's ch c Charibert, by Thormanby—Gertrude, 8st 10lb (F. Archer), 1; Rayon d'Or, 2; George Albert, 3; 5 ran.

The STAND STAKES.—Lord Lonsdale's b h Carthusian, by Beadsman—Isha, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb (F. Archer), 1; Banks, 2; Middle Temple, 3; 3 ran.

The CLUMBER PLATE.—Mr. R. Schofield's b c Lindisfarne, by Distinction—Victoria Peel, 2 yrs, 7st 12lb (Lemaire), 1; Hermoine, 2; b f by Knight of the Garter—Pinnacle, 3; 5 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

The BRADGATE PARK STAKES.—Lord Hartington's ch f Witchery, by Wenlock—Christabelle, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (Hopkins), 1; Necklace, 2; Dresden China, 3; 5 ran.

The RUFFORD ABBEY STAKES (handicap).—Mr. T. Jennings's ch g Ecossais, by Blair Athol—Margery Dav, aged, 9st 10lb (J. Goater), 1; Chevron, 2; Satira, 3; 9 ran.

The ST. LEGER STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's b f Jannette, by Lord Clifden—Cheviaunce (black, white sleeves, red cap) (F. Archer), 1; Lord Falmouth's b c Childeric, by Scottish Chief—Gertrude (white, black sleeves, red cap) (Custance), 2; Lord Lonsdale's ch c Master Kildare, by Lord Ronald—Silk (purple, yellow seams, red cap) (Glover), 3; 14 ran.

The CLEVELAND HANDICAP.—Duke of Westminster's b f Helena, by Cardinal York—Florence Aislable, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (car 7st 6lb) (Fordham), 1; Durham, 2; Fair Lyonesse, 3; 3 ran.

The MILTON STAKES.—Col. Forester's b g Templar, by Adventurer—Lady Palmerston, aged, 8st 9lb (Constable), 1; Carthusian, 2; Monachus, 3; 10 ran.

The CORPORATION STAKES (handicap).—Mr. T. Gee's b f White Poppy, by Winslow—Formosa, 8st 8lb (F. Archer), 1; Salvo, 2; Jordan, 3; 9 ran.

The TOWN PLATE.—M. Delatré's ch c Houlef, by Clotaire or Berryer—Nice, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (car 8st 8lb) (Wheele), 1; Childe Harold, 2; Julius Caesar, 3; 3 ran.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

The WHARNCLIFFE STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Kaleidoscope, by Speculum—Recluse by Hsrmit, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (Constable), 1; Herald, 2; Monachus, 3; 6 ran.

A SWEEPSTAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Rayon d'Or, by Flageolet—Araucaria, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex) (J. Goater), 1; Charibert, 2; Reconciliation, 3; 3 ran.

The ALEXANDRA PLATE.—Duke of Westminster's Dalham, by Cathedral—Gertrude, aged, 8st 12lb (F. Webb), 1; Leopold, 2; Piccallini, 3

## CYPRUS.

The island of Cyprus being goodly in size, fertility, and sources of wealth, within a day's sail of the Syrian coast, and having numerous convenient seaports and harbours, to say nothing of its plentiful supply of timber, was from of old a place of serious consequence, and has played its part in the history of the world with some prominence. To that prominence recent events have given new importance.

Larnaka, as will be seen by our engraving, has no very imposing appearance, although it occupies the site of Citium, which was probably the first settlement established by the ancient Phoenicians, Sicilians, and Phrygians. Larnaka is divided into two separate districts, of which our engraving represents one, that extending along the sea-shore, and known as the "Marina," Larnaka proper being about three-quarters of a mile inland. A vast number of valuable and rare antiquities of various descriptions have from time to time been discovered here.

Mr. Lang's villa at Pyla is one of the lions to which our artist's attention was directed. Its owner is manager of the Ottoman

Bank, Cyprus. Pyla, as indicated by its name, is a gate, a defile, and is reached by a narrow cutting through the hills, separating the plain of Messaera from the district of Larnaka. Some time ago it was a fortified place of some importance, and in the middle of the village an old fortified tower, of which we give a sketch, is still to be seen. The Convent of Mount Machera is situated near the considerable village of Lithrodonta, and is dedicated to the Virgin of Machera. It stands about half-way to the summit of the mountain, and is surrounded on its south and eastern sides by wooded heights, and on the north and west the view stretches out over the central plains of the island. In the distance the town of Nicosia is to be seen. The Convent is governed by the "Hegoumene, or Superior," a fine, grey-bearded old man; the "Archimandrite," much younger, with an intelligent mien; and the "Economos" (the head of the commissariat) and two fathers of rather advanced age. The whole of the personnel of the Convent consists of twenty-three souls. The modern town of Famagusta, like Larnaka, occupies the site of one of the famous ancient towns of Cyprus, and is fortified on the sea side with considerable care and effect, as will be seen by reference to our artist's central sketch.

## SWIMMING AT THE WENLOCK BATHS.

A RARE company journeyed to the Wenlock Baths on Tuesday week, to witness the race for the professional five hundred yards' Championship Cup, promoted by Mr. R. Watson, an illustration of which we gave when it was presented. J. B. Johnson, the holder, had been challenged by W. Avery, G. Dunmore, W. White, and J. Temple. As might be anticipated, the crack won as he pleased, the others finishing as given, Avery just beating Dunmore, a lad of sixteen, by a couple of yards; time, 8min 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec, which Johnson could have greatly improved upon had he so wished. The above, indeed, was the race as I saw it, but I read on Wednesday in a sporting paper, generally supposed to have the best of swimming information, or claiming to do so, that "last night J. B. Johnson again carried off the championship, in 8min 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec, J. Temple was second, J. Drummond third, and W. White fourth." This is rather exclusive reporting, four men placed, one of whom never started, a man who did not gain notice from the judge second, and the actual second and third omitted altogether.

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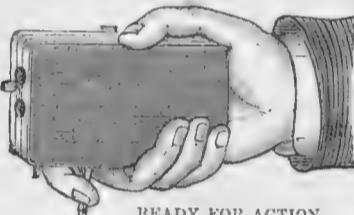
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ANDERIDA (1871), dam of Mida, first foal and sister to Kingcraft, by King Tom out of Woodcraft, by Voltigeur; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Victorious out of Anderida.

BARONESS (1858) (dam of Miss Toto, Madame Toto, Baronet, &c.), by Stockwell, her dam Escalade, by Touchstone; covered by Victorious.

BROWN SUGAR (1871), by Brown Bread out of Defamation (Saccharometer's dam), by Iago, her dam Caricature, by Pantaloan out of Pasquinade'sister to Touchstone); covered by Scottish Chief.

BOHEMIA (1860) (dam of Balfe, Raby Castle, Lady Allcash, &c.), by Weatherbit; covered by Vespaian.

BESSIE (1862) (dam of Caution), by Autocrat, her dam Dora, by Bessus out of Doralice (dam of Speculum); covered by Victorious.

BEESWING (1864) (dam of Florimel, Io, &c.), by Knight of Kars, her dam Honey, by Melbourne or Cossack out of Honeydew (sister to Newminster); covered by Vespaian.

BAWBEE (1873), by Beadsman, her dam Wee Wee, by Stockwell out of Miss Maria, by Gladiator; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Favonius out of Bawbee.

BERGERE (1870), by Saunterer, her dam Lass o' Gowrie, by Dundee; covered by Vespaian.

BOUQUET (1866) (dam of Fragrance), by The Lawyer, her dam David Ann, by Vulcan; covered by Vespaian.

FILLY, by Victorious out of Bouquet.

BROWN AGNES (1870) (dam of The Miser), by Gladiator, her dam Wild Agnes (dam of Little Agnes, winner of French Oaks, &c.), by Wild Dayrell out of Little Agnes, by The Cure, her dam Miss Agnes, by Birdcatcher out of Agnes by Clarion; covered by Scottish Chief.

BETTY (1873), by Victorious out of Betsy Carr, by Fazzoletto; covered by Dutch Skater.

BLONDE (1864), by Dundee out of Blanche of Middlebie, by Melbourne; covered by Vespaian.

COLT, by Saunterer out of Blonde.

BAS BLEU (1858) (dam of Blue Gown, Ceruleus, &c.), by Stockwell out of Vexation, by Touchstone, her dam Vat, by Langar; covered by Scottish Chief.

CLYTEMESTRA (1867), by Blair Athol out of a mare by Birdcatcher; covered by Scottish Chief.

CZARINA (1871), by King Tom out of Mrs. Lincoln, by North Lincoln, her dam (King Alfred's dam), by Bay Middleton; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Doncaster out of Czarina.

CRACOVIANNE (1866), by Trumpeter, her dam Cachua, by Voltigeur out of Ayacanora, by Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of King Tom, Stockwell, Rataplan, &c.), by Glencoe; covered by Scottish Chief.

COLT, by Scottish Chief out of Cracovienne.

CONSORT (1862) (dam of Manifesto, &c.), by Lord of the Isles, her dam Contract, by Cotherstone; covered by Henry.

FILLY, by Dutch Skater out of Consort.

CREOLE (1860) (dam of Uncle Tom, Clyde, &c.), by Newminster, her dam The Squaw, by Robert de Gorham; covered by Henry.

FILLY, by Henry out of Creole.

CHILHAM (1867) dam of Victoire, Gilda, &c.), by Thunderbolt, her dam Icicle, by Oulston out of Crystal, by Pantaloan; covered by Scottish Chief.

CANZONE NETTE (1860) (dam of The Tortoise), by Fazzoletto, her dam Calista, by Liverpool; covered by Victorious.

DORA (1868) (dam of The Parmesan and Dora, 2 yrs old), by Weatherbit, her dam Ada Mary, by Hobbie Noble or Marsyas; covered by Scottish Chief.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS (1869), by Prime Minister, her dam Lady Grace, by St. Albans out of Lurley, by Orlando; covered by Henry.

COLT, by Thunderbolt out of Duchess of St. Albans.

EXCALIBUR (1869), by Gladiator out of Bathilde, by Stockwell, her dam Babette, by Faugh-a-Ballagh; covered by Dutch Skater.

FILLY, by Saunterer out of Excalibur.

ENTREMET (1859) (dam of Scotch Cake, Miss Nellie, Master Alfred, &c.), by Sweetmeat out of Crystal, by Pantaloan; covered by Vespaian.

COLT, by Vespasian out of Entretem.

EXHIBITION (1859) (dam of Duke of Cambridge, &c.), by Fazzoletto out of Victorious's dam); not covered.

ELTHAM BEAUTY (1856), by Kingston, her dam, Eva, by Coranova out of Sybil, by Number Nip (son of Whalebone); covered by Dutch Skater.

EVERLASTING (1865), by King Tom, her dam Nightshade, by Touchstone; covered by Henry.

FLEURISTE (1867), by West Australian, her dam Aracie, by Lanercost; covered by Scottish Chief.

FENELLA (1869), by Cambuscan, her dam La Favorite (dam of Flageolet), by Monarque out of Constance, by Gladiator; covered by Scottish Chief.

FINESSE (1861) (dam of Red Hazard, Revoke, Jesuit, Wildfire, Castle Wellan, &c.), by Stockwell out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway; covered by Dutch Skater.

FRANCESCA (1860) (dam of Berryfield, Lucy Sutton, &c.), by Newminster out of Lady Frances, by Venison; covered by Henry and Saunterer.

FANNY GREY (1874), by Wild Moor out of Cockchafer, by Chanticleer, her dam Scrubbing Brush, by Touchstone; covered by Henry.

GOLD DUST (1860) (dam of Alchemist, Onyx, &c.), by Newminster out of Nugget, by Melbourne; covered by Henry.

COLT, by Dutch Skater out of Gold Dust.

THE GEM (1862), dam of Turquoise, by King of Trumps, her dam Amethyst, by Touchstone; covered by Vespaian.

GAMOS (1867) (dam of Cupid, and winner of Epsom Oaks), by Saunterer out of Bess Lyon, by Longbow; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Dutch Skater out of Gamos.

GRAND DUCHESSE (1867), by King Tom, her dam Princess, by Bolingbroke or Brockley out of The Incurable (sister to Lambton); covered by Scottish Chief.

HILDA (1866) (dam of Ersilia, Ursula, Cherry, &c.), by Prime Minister, her dam Ethel, by Etbelbert; covered by Scottish Chief.

HIBERNICA (1867) (dam of Thormanby, by King Tom out of Lady Gough), by Launcelot, her dam Jeannette (dam of Artillery, Indian Warrior, &c.), by Birdcatcher; covered by Scottish Chief.

HANDICRAFT (1872) (sister to Kingcraft), by King Tom out of Woodcraft, by Voltigeur, her dam Wedding Day, by Camel out of Margellina, by Whisker; covered by Scottish Chief.

HELEN (1862) (sister to Dalesman), by King Tom out of Agnes, by Pantaloan, her dam Black Agnes, by Velocipede, grandam by Walton; covered by Scottish Chief.

COLT, by Doncaster out of Helen.

IMOGENE (1862) (dam of Vie, Vindictive, Guideius, &c.), by The Cure, her dam Terrific, by Touchstone; covered by Vespaian.

IRISH CHURCH (1864) (dam of Ruby, &c.), by Newminster out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway; covered by Scottish Chief.

INGRATITUDE (1874), by Typhcus out of Benefactress, by Lord Albermarle; covered by Vespaian.

BAY COLT, by Henry out of Ingratitude.

JEANNIE DEANS (1873), by Scottish Chief out of Mayflower, by Thormanby; covered by Dutch Skater.

JUANITA (1865), by St. Alban's, her dam Juanita Perez, by Melbourne out of Jeannette (dam of Indian Warrior, Artillery, &c.), by Birdcatcher; covered by Dutch Skater.

LITTLE COATES (1866), winner of many races, by Lambton, her dam by Ballinkeeble; covered by Vespaian.

LADY SOPHIA (1867) (dam of Rusk, &c.), by Stockwell, her dam Frolic, by Touchstone, grandam by The Saddler out of Stays. by Whalebone, her dam by Frolic out of Camel's dam, by Selim, her dam Maiden; by Sir Peter; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Victorious out of Lady Sophia.

LUCRETIA (1873), by Vespaian out of Stuff and Nonsense, by The Libel, her dam Mangosteen, by Emilius out of Mustard, by Merlin; covered by Henry.

LADY MARY (1865), (dam of Hazeley), by Wild Dayrell, her dam Theresa (dam of Ethus), by Touchstone out of Olga, by Charles XII, her dam Fair Helen (dam of Lord of the Isles) by Pantaloan; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Henry out of Lady Mary.

LA NAINE (1870), by West Australian, her dam Miss Finch, by Orlando; covered by Vespaian.

COLT, by Vespaian out of La Naine.

LEMONADE (1862) (dam of St. David), by Leamington, her dam by Don John out of Lollypop (Sweetmeat's dam); covered by Vespaian.

LASSIE (1873), by Blair Athol, her dam Miss Johnson, by Newminster out of Boarding School Miss (dam of Omoo, Rosa Bonheur, &c.); covered by Victorious.

MISS JOHNSON (1862) (dam of Stroller, Souvenir, Boswell, &c.), by Newminster, her dam Boarding School Miss (dam of Omoo, Typee, Rosa Bonheur, &c.), by Plenipotentiary out of Marpessa, by Muley; covered by Dutch Skater.

MODENA (1864), by Rataplan, her dam Ferrara, by Orlando out of Iodine, by Ion, her dam by Sir Hercules; covered by Victorious.

MAZURKA (1863) (dam of Schottische), by Fandango; her dam Leonie's dam, by Hampton out of Sister to Leaconfield (Gaspard's dam); not covered.

MRS. WOLFE (1866), by Newminster out of Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Dutch Skater out of Mrs. Wolfe.

MISS WINKLE (1866), dam of Winkle, by Newminster, her dam The Belle, by Slane; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Dutch Skater out of Miss Winkle.

MOSS ROSE (1868), by King Tom out of Couleur de Rose, by West Australian, her dam Maria, by Harkaway; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Doncaster out of Moss Rose.

MISS LETTIE (1869), by Asteroid out of Chiffoniers (sister to Buccaneer), by Wild Dayrell; covered by Vespaian.

MARCELLE (1873), by Julius out of Ceritha, by Newminster; covered by Henry.

MIRZA (1872), by Parmesan out of Bucolic, by Barneton, her dam Idyl, by Ithuriel out of Eclogue, by Emilius; covered by Vespaian.

MISTAKE (1873), by Rataplan out of Miss Dayrell, by Wild Dayrell; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Kingcraft out of Mistake.

MAYPOLE (1866), by Skirmisher out of May Morning, by Chanticleer, her dam Forget Me Not (dam of Daniel O'Rourke); covered by Dutch Skater.

FILLY, by Speculum out of Maypole.

MISS SAURIN (1869), by Colsterdale out of Lady Abbess, by Surplice, her dam, Lady Sarah, by Velocipede out of Lady Moore Carew (Mendicant's dam); covered by Vespaian.

BAY FILLY, by Thunderbolt out of Miss Saurin.

MOTHER CAREYS CHICKEN (1861) (dam of Coche a Hoop, Bound to Win, &c.), by De Clare, out of Eugenie, by Daniel O'Rourke; covered by Vespaian.

FILLY, by Vespaian out of Mother Careys Chicken.

MAJESTIC (1870), by Mousley out of Queen of Trumps, by King of Trumps; covered by Victorious.

PRINCESS (1865) (dam of King Victor), by Promised Land out of Vera, by Touchstone, her dam (Muscovite's dam), by Camel; covered by Dutch Skater.

COLT, by King Lud out of Pitter.

PANDORE (1867) (dam of Gloria), by Newminster out of Caller Ou, by Stockwell, her dam Haricot, by Mango or Lanercost out of Queen Mary (dam of Blink Bonny), by Gladiator; covered by Scottish Chief.

FILLY, by Thunderbolt out of Pandore.

PEGGY DAWDLE (1871), by Saunterer, her dam Recluse, by Newcastle; covered by Victorious.

PALMETTA (1873), by Beadsman out of Palma (dam of Vauban, Duke of Parma, &c.), by Tadmor; covered by Vespaian.

PROMENADE (1875), by Saunterer out of Artless, by Archy, her dam Idyl, by Ithuriel; covered by Victorious.

PATTI (1875), by Saunterer out of Exhibition (dam of Duke of Cambridge, &c.), by Fazzoletto out of Victorian's dam; covered by Victorious.

PISA (1867) (dam of Mrs. Wolfe), by Newminster; not covered.

QUEEN OF NAPLES (1873), by Macaroni, her dam Vlie, by Zuyder Zee out of Queen of Beauty, by Melbourne; covered by Dutch Skater.

FILLY, by Henry out of Queen of Naples.

ROSALIE (1859) (dam of Dexter Chief, Eclair, Prairie Flower, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, her dam Jewess, by Mundig; covered by Victorious.

RIBON (1861) (dam of Harmless), by Rataplan out of Lady Alicia, by Melbourne, her dam Testy, by Venison out of Temper, by Defence; covered by Victorious.

FILLY, by Dutch Skater out of Ribbon.

RINDERPEST (1860) (dam of Bugle Horn, &c.), by Alarm out of Adine, by Slane, her dam by Glencoe out of Alca, by Whalebone; covered by Victorious.

COLT, by Kingcraft out of Rinderpest.

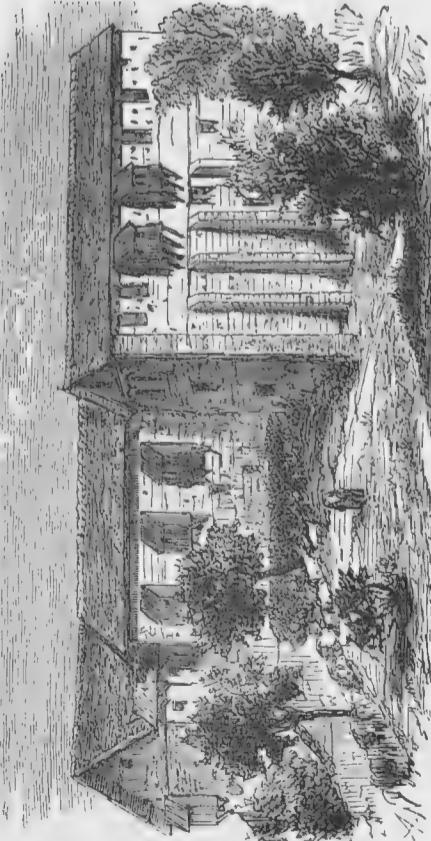
RAGMAN ROLL (1873), by Beadsman out of Valtz, by Voltigeur; covered by George Frederick.

STOCKDOVE (1871), by Stockwell out of Beatrice, by Voltigeur, her dam Bribery (dam of St. Albans, Savernake, &c.), by The Libel; covered by Dutch Skater.

SPELLWEAVER (1867), by Newminster out of Shamrock (dam of Kildoran) by Y. Priam; covered by Scottish Chief.

SISSY (1871), sister to Sycee, by Marsyas out of

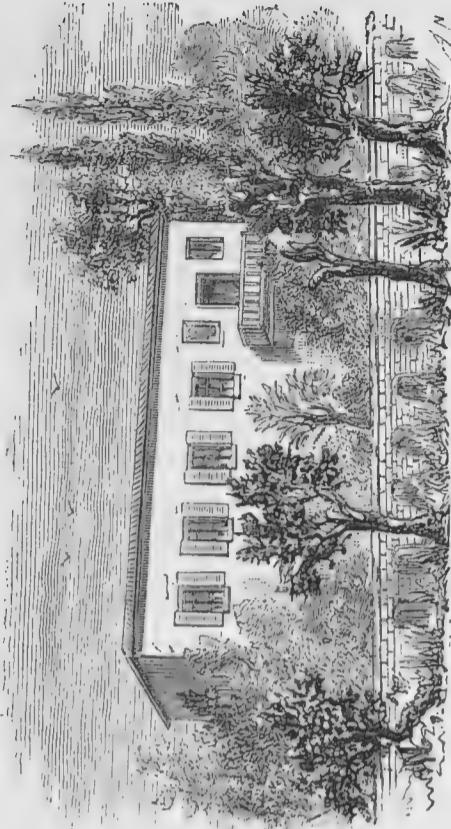
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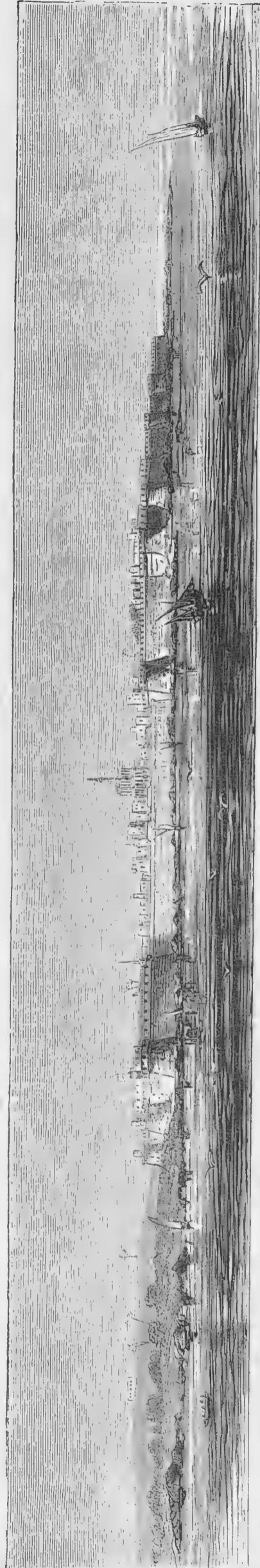
THE CONVENT OF MONT MACHERA.



ANCIENT TOWER AT PYLA.



MR. LANG'S VILLA AT PYLA.



FAMAGUSTA.—VIEW OF THE RAMPARTS, TAKEN FROM THE SEA.



LANDING-PLACE AT LARNACA.—(From Sketches by a Correspondent.)

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

E. WHEELER.—*The Earl of Gowrie* was written by Mr. White, a clergyman, and published some few years before it was altered for, and produced on the stage by Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in March, 1852.

J. S. C.—We should fancy not, seeing, as Mr. Sothern confesses, that during a business connection between Mr. Buckstone and that gentleman extending over fourteen years, there was never "a scrap of paper" between them.

HISTORICUS.—*King Lear* was played for the first time in Paris in 1783. It was translated by M. Ducis, who changed the name of Cordelia (played by Madame Vestris) to Elmonde, and introduced a new character, Ulric, a King of Denmark, to account for whose introduction the story was considerably altered.

NEW YORKER.—Mr. James Wallack's father was a popular comic singer at the minor theatres, and his mother played at Drury Lane Theatre, where he made his first appearance when a child. He was instructed by Harry Johnson, with whom he played in Dublin. Returning to Drury Lane Theatre accident favoured him, and he was cast to play Macbeth. He was for many years stage-manager at that theatre. He married a Miss Johnson, daughter of the once well-known "Irish Johnson," and on the death of her father received a good round sum of money, with which he emigrated to America, where he made a greater hit than any English actor had before made in that country, and was ranked higher than either William Macready or Edmund Kean, with both of whom he had played in England.

OXFORDS.—In ancient Rome the actors were deprived of the right of suffrage as a sign of their degradation. In some parts of Germany their graves were kept apart in the ground allotted to suicides, and they were buried without religious ceremonies.

MASTER CARPENTER.—It was Tate Wilkinson who, speaking of Foote the actor's tendency to mimicry, said he was always approximating to the manners of the man, woman, or child opposite him, adding, "If he had been left alone with a bear, in a quarter of an hour he'd have been upon all fours and longing for a muzzle."

AUTHOR.—We should advise you to have a reading of the play after it is cast, each reading the part allotted to her or him in the presence of your self as the author. This was the plan Goethe adopted in the days of his management of the theatre at Weimar, and always adhered to.

G. LEASTING.—*The Avenger*, by Mr. G. W. Lovell, was produced at the Surrey Theatre, in 1853, under the management of Mr. Davidge.

R. R. JONES.—No. Mr. Howard Paul was born at Philadelphia, U.S., in December, 1830.

## MUSICAL.

J. G. (Clifton).—There is really no difference between a "Ländler" and a "Waltz," except that the former is usually danced in slower time than the latter.

ARTIS.—There have been many instruments of the kind. The "Melodicon," invented by Riffel, a Dane, was furnished with metal bars, bent at various angles. The tone was good, but changes of temperature set the bars out of tune with each other; the thinner bars being naturally the quickest to contract with cold, or expand with heat. Harmoniums for children are made on the same principle, and Messrs. Cramer and Co. used, not long since, to sell a cheap kind of piano of a similar kind. You will probably find at South Kensington some interesting specimens of musical instruments constructed on the method which you think you have invented.

GANUR.—You should sing the scale in the following syllables:—Do (C),

Re (D), Mi (E), Fa (F), Sol (G), La (A), Si (B), Ut (2nd C). It may be true, as you say, that it is confusing to sing "Do," for C at starting, and not to sing "Do" wherever C recurs; but on reflection you will see that unless the "Ut" (pronounced "Oot") were introduced in some way, only four vowel sounds would be used in solfeggio practice.

F. KEYS.—"Piatti" is the Italian for "cymbals." Signor Piatti, the famous violoncelloist, was born in 1823, at Bergamo. "Rubini" is Italian for "Rubies."

B. C. M.—The "Kyrie" is the opening piece in the Mass. "Kyrie eleison" signifies "Lord have mercy."

STALL.—The Autumn Season at Her Majesty's Opera is announced to commence on the 21st of next month.

LADY L.—Thanks for your complimentary letter. The subject to which you refer shall not escape attention.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A MAN OF KENT.—There is some connection. The late Charles Kingsley was a descendant of the Kingsleys of Cheshire, a family which played a prominent part on the Parliamentary side in the great Civil War. One branch of the family emigrated to America, and the Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, mentioned by you, belonged to it.

C. H. M.—There is good reason for believing that the Empress Josephine was born, not, as is commonly asserted, in the island of Martinique, but in St. Lucia, one of the islands, previously neutral, which was ceded to France by the Treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1783.

HENRY HILL.—Most of the Greek historians were first printed in Latin.

EUSTACE.—The Mentz printers used inks of various colours. In printing the Psalms of 1457 red, black, and purple inks were used.

ELLEN HAWTREY.—Worse than the Turks. On December 10th, 1853. The gentleman was correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle*. He was stripped naked, searched, and thrust into a foul dungeon amongst common felons. The only charge brought against him was that of hostility to the Austrian Government.

THINKER.—On the principle of Anaxagoras, who held that "From nothing comes nothing," and consequently adopted the idea of chaos and a doctrine of atoms resembling in nature the bodies of which they afterwards formed part. Anaxagoras is regarded as the first philosophical theist.

FRED NASH.—Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine* succeeded the *Illuminated Magazine*, which Douglas Jerrold also edited. The former was intended by the publishers—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans—to take the latter's place. It commenced in January, 1845.

G. P.—It is hardly likely, seeing that Mr. Flower, the brewer of Stratford-on-Avon, has been on terms of friendship and intimacy with nearly all the greatest literary men of our day. Improve your nature.

D. L. S.—Mr. Knox wrote leaders for the *Times* in the year named.

WILLIAM CONAN.—Aqua Tofana was the name given to poison invented by a Sicilian woman named Tofana. It was white, transparent, and tasteless, and five or six drops were, it is said, sufficient to ensure a gradual wasting, ending in death without pain, convulsions, inflammation or fever symptoms. Want of appetite and constant thirst attended its action, and it was said that Tofana could predict to a second the exact minute of the death it occasioned. Extraordinary stories are extant of its use at Naples in the beginning of the 18th and end of the 17th century.

H. B. (New York)—We thoroughly appreciate the fervour of your admiration for the gentleman whose loss we all mourn, and thank you for your letter, but have no space to spare for the poem which you wish us to reprint from the *World*.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 14, 1878.

## THE BELHUS HUNTERS.

"CALCULATED to get hunters." How often have we noticed the above description as applied to sires not of sufficient calibre to command high prices as progenitors of thoroughbred stock, but content to offer their services at a low figure to half-breds, cocktails, *et id genus omne* of equine society! We may readily sum up the qualifications of a stallion for the line of business just mentioned; and, sooth to say, many horses possess them in a marked degree, being endowed with commanding size, fine substance, good bone and symmetry, generally adapted to their pretensions to "get hunters." We all of us by this time know pretty well by heart the heroes of the show-yard on the agricultural circuit, horses of the Citadel type, decorated over and over again with the various ribbons of the order of merit, and picking up a nice little annual income for their owners by starring it in the provinces during the summer months. Still it must be confessed that there is far too much cry and little wool about these model progenitors of hunter talent, and that the "calculations" made concerning them are too often falsified, even though tested in the fullest manner. Somehow we seem to have got the right article to fulfil our requirements, but the results fall lamentably short of the high expectations formed of their ability as "regenerators." Like signal fails to beget like, greatly to the disappointment of those who have availed themselves of the services of these much-belauded fathers of the stud; and the would-be breeder of cross-country horses finds to his cost that the youngster, for the production of which he has paid an extra high fee, is quite another article than that which he bargained for, and has too frequently to be converted to the baser uses of the road or the farm. All the fine points of the sire seem to be utterly perverted in his offspring, and the bold yeoman finds to his disgust that he is cursed with a nondescript sort of animal in the place of the three-hundred-guinea hunter, visions of which have continually been floating before his eyes since the rough little foal first nosed the udder of his dam.

Breeding has been not inaptly termed a "lottery," and seeing that the greatest uncertainty attends the results of the seemingly best-assorted unions between the aristocrats of the stud-book, and that the grandest paper-pedigrees oftentimes belie the high claims of their inheritors, it cannot be matter for wonderment if, as we descend in the scale, chance should prevail even to a greater degree. In plain English, we may be permitted to express our doubts whether sires "calculated to get hunters" do in reality fulfil their mission to any marked degree. Therefore the breeding of hunters must be a risky business, and one to be undertaken profitably only by owners of numerous brood mares, which may be expected to produce among them a certain proportion of horses of sufficient merit to atone for the shortcomings of the rest; and for this reason, we take it, attempts to breed are frequently relinquished in despair, and recourse is once more had to the dealer for the "ready-made hunter." Just at this time of year, when cubs are beginning to be rattled about in covert, the fancies of hunting men, be they young or old, are lightly turned to thoughts of the coming season, and they begin casting about for something to carry them through the winter, which comes upon them in earnest at the beginning of November. Men with long purses can, of course, reckon upon a string of hunters fit to go anywhere and do anything being forthcoming at the shortest notice; but it is otherwise with followers of the chase to whom money is an object, and who cannot afford the luxury of giving *carte blanche* to dealers to find them in horseflesh. Failing these purveyors of high-class articles, the fox-hunter of moderate means must be content to trust in a great measure to chance in picking up hunters, and is often com-

peled to take a good deal for granted in the way of qualifications which does not exist. Horses which "have been hunted," or are described as "likely to make good hunters," are sadly precarious investments, and their acquisition is generally as unprofitable as hiring servants without characters—the brute breaking his owner's neck, and the human being taking advantage of his employer by robbing the plate-basket.

It is for the purpose of furnishing hunting men with genuine mounts at a reasonable figure that Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard has, for the last few years, held a sale of ready-made hunters in September, and the fixture at Belhus has now come to be looked forward to as a sure "find" for the article soon to come into such general use among followers of the chase. The idea was evidently a happy one, and was so well thought out by Sir Thomas Lennard before giving it a public trial, that it "took" at once, and those who fared well at the first venture have since come again and again, and there is every prospect of an increasing attendance and more remunerative prices on each occasion. It is not too much to say that the kingdom has been ransacked, from one end of it to the other, for the purpose of getting together a collection worthy the attention of buyers, and the owner of Belhus is not the man to trust to the judgment of others when the opportunity offers for a personal investigation and trial of the merits of the various lots submitted to him in the course of his travels. We hear of him in Ireland, in the shires, and in out-of-the-way places and nooks and corners, in fact wherever anything good is to be acquired; nor do his labours end here, for when his purchases arrive at head-quarters the tedious work of education begins. Very few indeed come ready to hand, but by the time of the sale nearly all are good enough to present to buyers, with characters which can be thoroughly tested by intending purchasers prior to acquiring them. Hence each animal is sold virtually with a warranty, amounting to far more than the word of a dealer; and they most fully answer the description of being "in hard work, and nearly fit to go." So that all the delay attendant upon the process of "conditioning" is obviated, and there is but little chance of any latent unsoundness existing, seeing that all have undergone the training necessary to qualify them for almost immediate appearance in the hunting-field. Many of the horses offered are good hacks, quiet in harness, and suitable for youngsters, and be it noted that their drawbacks, as well as their recommendations, are fully set forth in the minute descriptions appended to each lot, which may be fully relied upon in every respect. It seems like a labour of love with their collector personally to gain the fullest insight into the merits of each animal; and nothing is left to chance, nor we may add, to grooms and understrappers, whose words too often obtain credence when the master is unwilling or unable to put his horses through their facings. Glancing through the list of nearly three dozen, it is evident that the feather, the middle, and the welter weight can all be suited, and their great distinguishing characteristic may be described as good and safe action, a primary qualification, and one too often lost sight of in the search after good looks, than which nothing is more deceptive. It would be beyond the scope of an article like the present to go into descriptive details, which in the case of hunters are merely superfluous, and more especially so in the present instance, when each lot can be seen ridden and a correct judgment formed of its capabilities. Doubtless the same causes which have tended to lower the prices of blood-stock will operate against so remunerative a sale as usual, but results in past years have been so encouraging that Sir Thomas Lennard is not likely to relinquish his hobby, nor to deprive hunting men in the neighbourhood of London of one of the pleasantest of autumn outings. The thanks of the community are due to him for his pains in setting before us a collection such as that advertised to be sold on Saturday next; and it will be strange indeed if, as time goes on, his example is not followed by others who may be willing to reap amusement as well as profit from an enterprise of this description. We may add that the catalogue of hunters is supplemented by some few lots of blood-stock, the reserve prices for which are appended in full, and may be described as moderate, even taking into account the evil days upon which breeders have fallen. It is refreshing to anticipate a sale so genuine and straightforward, and we trust that its results may be as satisfactory as its promise.

MADAME RISTORI, now the Marchesa del Grillo, has resolved on forming a troupe and making the round of Europe, beginning with Paris.

THE Cambridge Theatre was sold by auction at the Lion Hotel, on Thursday afternoon. The bidding commenced at £700, and eventually increased to £1,875, at which price Mr. Thoday, builder, was declared to be the purchaser. It is said that the present season at Cambridge will be the last. The theatre was opened in 1815. There will probably be no theatre at Cambridge after this year.

OUR latest exchanges from New York announce the death of William Niblo, the founder of the original Niblo's Garden, when it was a genuine garden, in 1837, who died in that city on Wednesday, August 21. He was eighty-eight years old. He was formerly the proprietor of a coffee-house in Pine-street. He introduced the famous Rarels, pantomimists, into the States.

MR. W. G. WILLS will, at all events, not have to complain of the way in which his play of *Jane Shore*, which made so great a success in England, is about to be put on the New York stage. The management of Booth's Theatre, where it is to be produced this month, have come to the spirited determination that "society ladies" only shall be permitted to enact the parts of grand court dames. The applicants do not appear to have been very numerous, but the task of Mr. Harry Palmer, who had to decide on their respective attractions, was by no means an easy one. Some of them were, the *New York Herald* says, modest, quiet girls, without experience; others had "played" in various parts before, and would not be the least nervous if suddenly called upon to take the rôle of the leading lady. Others again had magnificent names. Some of the young ladies were accompanied by their mothers, who spoke words of high encomium concerning their daughters. One lady of mature years offered to give reference that she was the criterion of the human figure on the American stage. The dearth of applicants is accounted for by the fact that so many "society ladies" are at present visiting Europe.

## THE MIDDLE PARK SALE.

In our notice (necessarily briefer than we could wish) of the hundred and odd brood mares and foals to be sold on September 20 or 21, we have deemed it advisable to group them under the heads of families to which they belong rather than to follow the alphabetical order of the catalogue. As for minute descriptions of each animal, that of course is out of the question, and all we can say is that our experience, derived from a frequent inspection of Mr. Blenkiron's stud, leads us to the conclusion that they are a well-bred, level lot of animals, with but a very small proportion of weeds to flowers; and though we have not attempted to ascertain the average of age among them, there are exceedingly few ancient dames considering the magnitude of the collection, most of them being young mares in the prime of life. The old blood, to the merits of which Middle Park owes its renown, has not been suffered to die out, and the latest additions to the ranks of Belgravian mothers are essentially of the right sort, and we never saw a collection with fewer blemishes (whether from accident or disease) among them. The sires are too well-known to need comment, and we trust that Scottish Chief will find at last a fixed home in this country, for his wanderings have been many since the day when he left his first quarters at East Acton, and Moorlands, Hurstbourne and Dewhurst Lodge, have all harboured in succession the handsome son of "Isles." Victorious has been consistently successful as a sire, though not on a very "high rope," and Vespasian has just begun to show that good looks and high breeding will be served in the end. Few studs are so rich in Newminster blood (of both sexes) as Middle Park, and among its matrons nearly all the most fashionable strains will be found adequately represented. Of foals, perhaps, there are not quite so many as could be wished, but that is easily accounted for; while, to judge by appearances, nearly all the mares are in the happy state. The lease of the farm is also for sale, and it would be a thousand pities were a place so admirably adapted for breeding operations to be turned (as was said of Stamford racecourse) to "more useful purposes."

Taking the mares according to families, and giving precedence to the Birdcatcher line, we may note that old Saunterer will not be offered for sale; and passing on, we find but one direct descendant of Sir Hercules in Vengeresse (covered by Dutch Skater), and a smart mare in her day. Saunterer, of course, is fairly represented in a stud of which he was so long one of the grand masters, and under his name we find those of Apathy and Bergere (due to Vespasian), Gamos, an Oaks winner, stunted to Scottish Chief, and Peggy Dawdle, Promenade, and Patti, all on the list of Victorious, and showing the cross of Touchstone and Birdcatcher, which has "nicked" so well both ways. Lemonade is by Leamington (son of Faugh-a-ballagh) and is a dam of winners, and in foal to Vespasian; and next in order come the daughters of Stockwell and his descendants, the former being represented by Baroness (covered by Victorious) and dam of many winners; Bas Bleu, Lady Sophia, and Tails, all bearing burdens to the Chief; and Finesse and Stockdove, both well suited by Dutch Skater. As regards the sons of Stockwell, Chilham is a very neat Thunderbolt mare, covered by Scottish Chief; Juanita, by St. Albans, has fallen to the Skater's lot; and Miss Lettie, by Asteroid, to the share of Vespasian; and Blair Athol's scions are Clytemnestra, assigned to the Chief, Lassie to Victorious, and Sweet Galingale and Touche-a-Tout to Dutch Skater—mating which will be generally approved, and all four are promising young mares. Julius, a grandson of the mighty "Emperor of Stallions," has Marcelle, covered by Henry. And turning now to the progeny of "Old Rat," we find Modena, Mistake (with a capital Kingcraft filly), and Ribbon (boasting a nice Dutch Skater filly); the first and last of these safe in foal to Victorious, while Mistake has been promoted to a place on Scottish Chief's list. Turning to King Tom we find the deceased veteran grandly represented by no less than eight slashing mares; viz., Anderida (with a smart Victorious foal); Czarina (having a grand Doncaster filly at foot); Everlasting, Grand Duchess, Hibernica, Helen, Handicraft, and Moss Rose; and of these all, except Everlasting (who has been put to Dutch Skater) have helped to fill Scottish Chief's subscription, and we feel sure that the cross will have successful results, though, so far as we are aware, it has never had a fair trial. Coming to the Touchstones, we find Touch and Go, one of his last produce, with a clever Speculum foal, and due to Henry; and no stud is richer in Newminster mares than that at Middle Park, the roll-call including Creole (with a nice filly by Henry), and due to him again; Francesca, covered by the same horse, and also by Saunterer; Gold Dust (with a splendid young Dutch Skater), similarly mated; Irish Church, covered by Scottish Chief, and a grand-looking mare to boot; Miss Johnson (dam of winners), allotted to Dutch Skater; Mrs. Wolfe, with a beautiful filly by the Skater, and transferred to the Chief; Miss Winkle, in a similarly happy condition both as regards the foal at her side and her prospect for next season; and Pandore and Spellweaver, mated in like manner, the former with a clipping Thunderbolt filly at foot. Going down another generation, we encounter Adeliza, by Adventurer, with a Dutch Skater foal, and covered by him again; Fenella, by Cambuscan, a charming mare and very stoutly bred, due to the Chief; Betty, by Victorious, put to Dutch Skater; and Lucretia and an unnamed mare by Vespasian, the former covered by Henry. Still keeping among the Touchstones, Sissy, a Marsyas mare has gone to Vespasian, and another Orlando horse, Fazzetto, is represented by Canzonette (in foal to Victorious) and Exhibition; Cracovienne, by Trumpeter, shows a good filly to the Chief, and has visited him again; Aline, by Claret, has been allotted to Dutch Skater; and on Vespasian, Henry, and Dutch Skater, respectively, have smiled Blonde, by Dundee (with nice colt by Saunterer), Consort, by Lord of the Isles (boasting a good Dutch Skater filly), and Jeannie Deans, by Scottish Chief out of Mayflower, by Thormanby; and the pedigrees of all three smack strongly of Russley under the Merry regime. Glancing at the Melbourne brand, Fleuriste and La Naine, West Australian mares, have gone, the first to Scottish Chief, and the last to Vespasian again—a "happy thought," judging by the foal now at her side; and Prime Minister's three are Duchess of St. Albans (with Thunderbolt colt) due to Henry; Hilda (dam of Ursula, &c.) well deserving her place on Scottish Chief's list; Pitteri, whose colt by King Lud is a credit to her, and she is put to Dutch Skater. Imogene, by The Cure, and Little Coates, by Lambton, have visited Vespasian; Maypole, by Skirmisher, has a fine Speculum filly, and has favoured Dutch Skater; and the only slice of Pantaloons blood in Alberta, by Thormanby, and she should be well suited by Scottish Chief. Entremet and Sweet Lucy, both Sweetmeats, have fallen to the shares of Vespasian and Henry respectively, and must be nearly the last of their race, of which a later generation is represented by Queen of Naples, by Macaroni, covered by Dutch Skater, and a pair of young Parmesan mares, Mirza and Pisa, both well bred enough for anything, and likely to do credit to any stud. Brown Agnes (covered by Scottish Chief and one of the famous Agnes family) Excalibur, with Saunterer filly and covered by Dutch Skater, are Gladiateur's legacies to Middle Park; and we now arrive at the Weatherbits, Dora and Bohemia being his direct descendants, and in foal to Scottish Chief and Vespasian; while among collaterals we come across Brown Sugar

and Sophiette, by Brown Bread, due to the Chief and Victorious respectively, and Bawbee, Palmetta, and Ragman Roll, daughters of Beadsman, the first-named with a very promising Favonius foal and in foal to Scottish Chief; the second well-mated with Vespasian, and the last due to George Frederick. Lady Mary, Rosalie, and Wild Beauty, trace their descent through Wild Dayrell to Ion, and the Chief has been selected for the first and last named, both with good foals, while Rosalie has been on the list of Victorious; and another of the family, Fanny Grey by Wild Moor out of a Chanticleer mare, has found a suitable consort in Henry. Pyrenees, a capital performer in her day, is due to Vespasian; Bessie, by Autocrat, to Victorious; and Bouquet, by The Lawyer, to Vespasian again. Eltham Beauty may yet breed a few more foals, and The Gem, by King of Trumps is out of old Amethyst, and in foal to Vespasian. Mazurka is a Fandango mare which has thrown some good-looking stock in her day, and is only 15 years old, so that missing a season will not be against her; and Miss Saurin is a descendant of Lanercost, with a fine Thunderbolt filly and mated with Vespasian. So is Mother Carey's Chicken by De Clare, with a neat Vespasian filly; and Majestic, by Moussey, out of the flying Queen of Trumps is worth attention, if only for her Victorious colt, and she has visited the same sire again. Princess (by Promised Land) is desirable not only on account of her Dutch Skater alliance, but by reason of the slashing King Lud colt at her foot; and Rinderpest is a shapely Alarm mare, dam by Slane covered by Victorious, and mothering a more than usually promising Kingcraft colt foal. Seclusion's black Victorious foal bids fair to be a clipper (and it is the first colt she has thrown since Hermit), while the old mare bears her years bravely, and has every appearance of rewarding the Chief's attentions. Whinnie is one of the few Pelion mares now in the "Stud Book," and has been covered by Vespasian. West Kent boasts the rare blood of Defence, and is stunted to Henry; and Zenobia is a Nutbourne mare (like the dams of Scapegrace and Phillipina) with a fine Vespasian filly, and in foal to the same horse. There is also a filly by Speculum out of Kapunda, and of the foals it may be said that the majority of them show high promise, particularly the Dutch Skaters, and there are besides capital specimens of other sires. Many, indeed most, of the brood mares are "household words" in the history of Middle Park, and well known to all who have visited Mr. Blenkiron's establishment during the past few years. Breeders will have had the invaluable opportunities of judging most of them by their fruits, as exhibited at the annual yearling sales, when the shows have been of high excellence. And we trust that, in spite of "bad times," the sale may yet be a satisfactory one, for all are agreed that such an opportunity for securing high-class brood mares has not presented itself since the monster sale held in the same place half-a-dozen years since.

## HUNTING WILD DEER ON EXMOOR.

PICTURESQUE though the place of fixture was, and pleasant as were the people gathered there, the brilliant effect of an opening day at time-honoured Cloutsham Ball was marred by showers frequent and heavy. On the hill-side were grouped carriages, country carts, and wheeled vehicles of every description. The natives came from far and near—from the pleasant Vale of Taunton, the rock-bound coasts of Clovelly and Ilfracombe, and the wild moorland ridges that bound the land of the Doones. Distance mattered not to them, and many must have left their homes at dawn to reach the trysting-place an hour before noon. Devon and Somerset men and women are all keen lovers of the ancient "sport of kings," and long may the spirit survive which induces the lords and tenants of the soil that surrounds the extensive home of the wild red deer on Exmoor to care for the preservation of the noble game, and the perpetuation of a pastime that flourishes nowhere else in England! It is this love of sport that brings them to Cloutsham in hundreds on the opening day of every year to hold high festival on the heights above the deep and densely-wooded Coombe, that has been the home of so many a noble "stag of ten." The scene where the carriages and carts are drawn up beside the hedge-row has been described as resembling that at some suburban race-meeting; but the writer must surely have little insight into human nature if he could not discriminate between the hearty hospitality of these West-country yeomen and the boisterous revelry of a cockney crowd. If he had shared their hospitality—to which, indeed, every stranger seems to be readily welcomed—he would have discovered that the merriment and laughter were only breaks in a conversation, the chief topics of which were stag-hunting and the mysteries of woodcraft. A mere excuse for a picnic this gathering on Cloutsham Ball certainly is not; but who shall blame the natives if, when love of sport has led them thither, they choose to pass the weary hours of waiting pleasantly as they may, lurching socially beside their waggonettes and dog-carts, under a hawthorn, among heather and bracken, or beneath the wide-spreading boughs of an oak in the glade yonder? No sooner had cloths been spread and hampers unpacked, however, than the rain came down to dash the spirits that were so high and merry a minute or two before. The Devonshire maidens bore the downfall good-humouredly enough; sat in the dog-carts patiently for an hour or two while the rain lasted, and trudged through the dank grass with a reckless disregard of damp feet when it ceased. Of the sport on this day we cannot say much. The tufters were thrown into the tangled thickets at eleven o'clock, and drew it patiently now on the line of a hind, then close to the heels of an "unwarrantable" deer, until three in the afternoon. A "goodie harte" was known to be harboured there, but the artifices, by which he turned out hind or brocket to take his place and mislead the pursuers, proved so successful that hope had at length to be abandoned, and the field had to be content with a very brief run after a hind from a neighbouring covert.

The following Friday Hawkcombe Head was the fixture—one of the most charming scenes in this wonderful country of moorland, stream, coombe, and forest. An amphitheatre of heather and gorse-covered hills rolling down to the cliffs, those cliffs fringed with deep green foliage; deep dark coombes on either hand, with glades of ancient oak trees nestling at the foot; beyond, the cliffs the Severn sea dotted with white sails, and the dark shadows of fleeting clouds; beyond that again the dim Welsh hills and the white cliffs of Cardiff; in the foreground a far-stretching line of carriages and footpeople, and on every ridge horsemen scattered on the look-out for the quarry to break cover. This is a scene with which all the native hunting men are familiar enough; but for them as for the stranger it can never be without a charm. After an hour of waiting we were rewarded by hearing a good tally ho! the pack was laid on quickly, and we got a glorious chase for nearly half an hour over Mr. Knight's wild domain of Exmoor. The run ceased suddenly, however, at Chalk Water, just when we were all hoping for a merry spin over the hills to the Doone Valley. The young hounds, good as they are, have not yet learned their work, and could carry the scent no further when it was foiled by sheep. After many a vain cast, therefore, the pursuit had to be given up for that day, and a noble stag left to show perhaps better sport another time.

On Monday we were at Cloutsham again. There was another long and weary draw before the tufters forced a hind into the open, and away for Dunkerry Hill. In less than half an hour

Arthur brought on the pack, and after a moment of feathering among the ferns the line was hit off, and we were racing round the hill for Luccombe in the valley. The old hounds were out that day, and right merrily they ran past Dunkerry Beacon on to the coombes beyond, breasting the hill above Kitsford, then sinking into the deep hollow of "the Shilllets." Here, after a check, a fresh deer was roused, and viewed away—a noble stag, with all his forest rights thick upon him. Over the hill and into Park Wood by Porlock they raced him before the pack could be stopped, and thus, after a run of two hours and a half, up hill and down, another day ended. Wednesday, at Comer's Gate, for the Dulverton country, proved the day of the season so far. The tufters had hardly been thrown into Sir Thomas Acland's allotments before a good stag was on foot, and after he had tried every artifice in vain the hounds having been laid on, forced him out over Winsford Hill and away for Haddon. The pack divided, and before they could be brought together again our stag had a long start; but we ran him to "soil" at Haddon Wood, roused him again from thence, chased him over the hills to near Wiveliscombe, turned with him then back to Haddon once more, and lost him in that intricate covert after a hard run of nearly five hours.

On Friday, the 23rd, with a fixture at Hawkcombe Head, and the chance of a glorious chase over Exmoor, it was thought desirable to have the old hounds out again, and, small as the pack was, it looked like standing a hard day's hunting notwithstanding the lack of condition necessarily following a long imprisonment. Our only fear was that they might run away from us and be lost to sound and sight behind the dense veil of mist that hung heavily on the hill-tops, and hid the Severn sea from view. In a little sheltered hollow, surrounded only by heath, bracken and gorse, the huntsman, hounds, master, and a very small field of enthusiastic followers waited patiently for an hour or more. At length the long wished-for gleam of sunlight was seen resting on Porlock Bay, and presently the clouds rolled away sufficiently to permit of a move to the covert-side, where Miles declared that a goodly stag was harboured. The harbourer's skill in slotting was speedily proved by the appearance of a noble hart, which broke away from Park Wood in the desired direction of Exmoor; but the style of going showed him to be too heavy for running, and, as the old hands expected, after beating about the woodlands for half an hour he took to the sea, leaping from a headland by Glenthorne. Two or three boats which were cruising outside in expectation of this turn in the run captured the stag, and brought him to Porlock Weir, where a solemn *mort* was sounded, the hounds got their first blood, and the noble head was borne away to add another trophy to the hall of the master. He proved to be an old and very heavy deer, with "all his rights" as the natives proudly declared.

Then we trotted off to draw Park Wood again. At four o'clock a second warrantable hart was on foot, and after having been rallied round the dense covert for some time he was fairly roused to action. Facing the open he was "blanched" or turned from his point for awhile, and instead of skimming away over Exford Common, he plunged into Hawkcombe Wood, rose from that, and went away over Stoke Common, then threaded the depths of Cloutsham, where he soiled, but being pressed he set his head for the open country once more. Over Cloutsham Ball and round the east of Dunkerry Hill we ran hard towards Luccombe; then turning back to the right, skirted Cutcombe coverts, crossed the ridge of Dunkerry, and got back to Cloutsham just as the shades of night were falling, so that the hounds had to be whipped off. The following Monday Culbone Stables was the trysting-place, and in Culbone Woods the "tufters" were speedily on the line of a young deer, which, being well roused, broke magnificently across the moorland, heading as if for Badgworthy. The hounds were laid on, and ran their quarry well as far as Oare Ford, where he turned back, and made for the sea. In leaping from a sheer cliff to the beach he broke his leg, and before the huntsmen and one indefatigable follower could thread their way down a steep track overgrown with brambles the hounds had killed their game. A boat being at hand, the deer was taken to Porlock, where again there was jubilation over the fallen monarch of the glen, and again "success to stag-hunting" was drunk by thirsty pursuers within the portals of the Anchor. A second one was found in Culbone Wood, but the rain came down in a pitiless torrent to put an end to sport for that day, and to send men on a weary ride of many miles homeward drenched to the skin.

After this, in deference to ancient custom, came the necessity for quitting the Devonshire borders for two days on the Quantock Hills, wherewith to finish the August hunting, and usher in the more vigorous sport of September. If only for the reason that the courteous master has his home on these Somersetshire heights, a fixture on this side would most certainly be well-attended by true sportsmen and by the many people among whom Mr. Fenwick Bissett is so widely popular. The first of these two days on the Quantocks is a scene of merry-making and social gathering that almost rivals the glories of an opening meet at Cloutsham. There was much hunting among the scrubby oaks that clothe the hillside, but very little sport for those who delight in a gallop along the heather-covered ridge, and the mere spectators had ample time to enjoy the glorious scenery that spreads far on either side of the Quantocks; from the dense coverts that fringe the foreground eastward over the fertile valley of Bridgewater to the Severn sea, westward, across the broad Taunton Vale to the Wellington Hills, to the heights of Haddon, or to the dark mass of moorland where the head of Dunkerry is buried in the clouds.

On the 2nd of September, Somersetshire men neglected to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Partridge in favour of a day with the staghounds, and they were rewarded with a quick find, a good gallop, and a kill at the end. Two stags were roused in Buncome coverts, and took divergent lines, but the hounds settled down to one, and ran him merrily for an hour and a half. Then they made short work of a fallow deer that got up in their way, but being denied blood, they pressed eagerly forward on the track of their hunted stag, and pulled him down a few minutes later, near Bridgewater—nearly the whole of the run having been across the enclosed fields of the Vale. Thus the new hounds got their first blood; and with the raised hopes that success gives, we return from September hunting to the ridges of Exmoor, and the rugged hills of Devon.

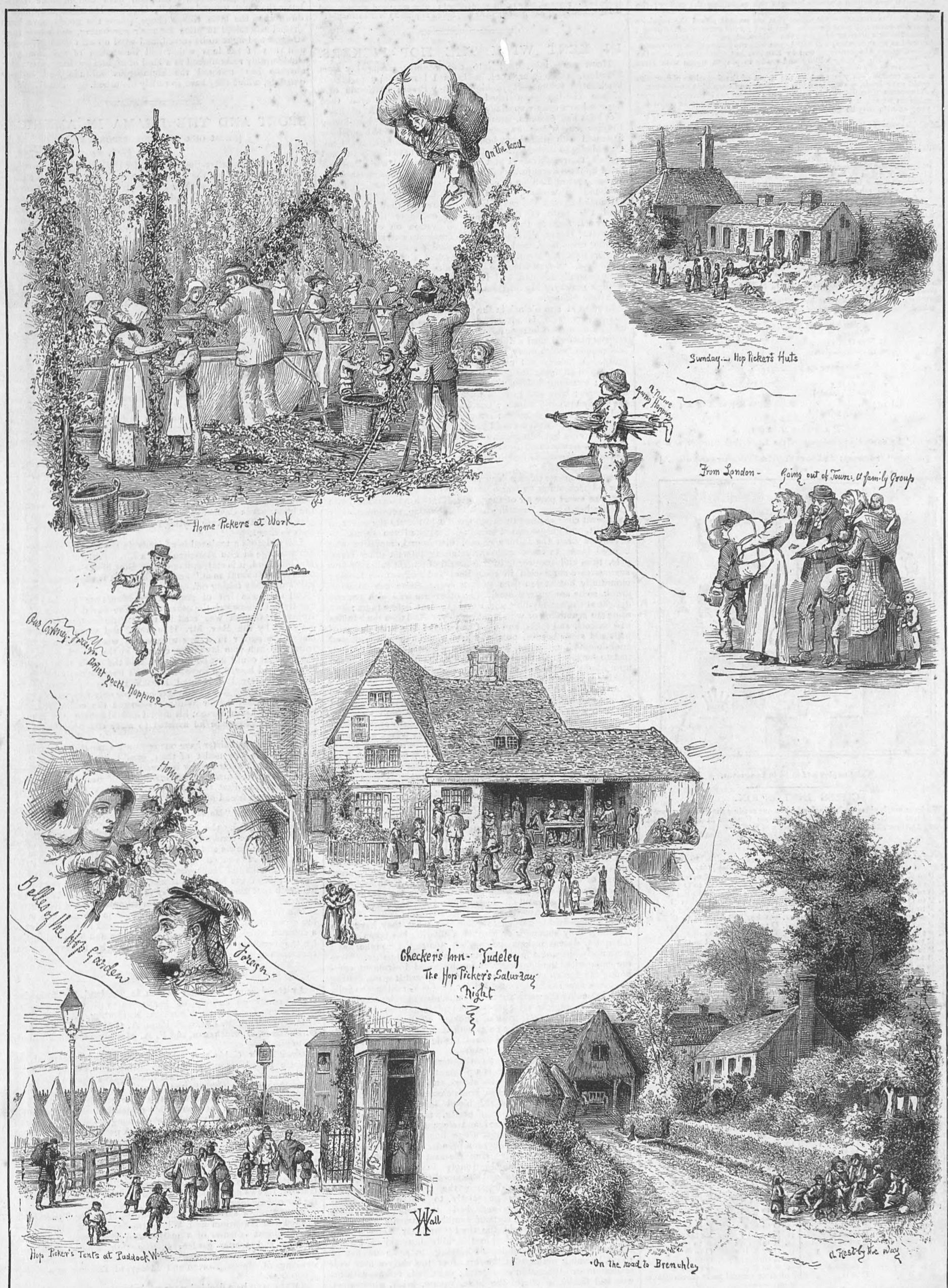
**How To Avoid THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.**—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines and gin or whisky, largely diluted with soda water will be found the least objectionable. Eno's Fruit Salt is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use Eno's Fruit Salt, therefore no family should be without it. "All our customers for Eno's Fruit Salt would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it."—Wood Bros., Chemists, Jersey. Sold by all chemists at 2s. od. and 4s. 6d. Examine each bottle and see the capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.—[Advt.]



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THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.—643



IN KENT WITH THE HOP-PICKERS.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J.—We have written a private letter to you explaining the matter; the promised papers have been duly forwarded.  
 A. E. P. (Paddington).—We regret that we cannot afford the requisite space to answer all your queries. Any book on the game, even the primer published by a printing company, the "Graphotype," in Garrick-street, as well as we remember, will supply you with the information you seek.  
 P. S.—Captain Mackenzie is still in London, and visits almost daily the "Divan." He is quite willing and ready to play a match with Herr Zukertort or any other distinguished player.

A. W. (Croydon).—If you send us the name of the first-class player who could not solve it, we will lend him a primer, and keep his name secret.  
 A BARRISTER (Temple).—Your solution of Problem 201 is correct, but your criticism of 193 is very wrong. The persons you refer to as endorsing your opinion may be good players, but if honest they are bad judges of problems.

MR. CHARLES J. BOSTOCK (2, Danes Inn, Strand).—When we read your letter "we made haste to laugh for fear of being obliged to weep." Such a combination of ignorance, impudence, and spite, in connection with chess, we have not seen since the "great article" appeared, which some months ago so painfully amused the writers whom it assailed. Let us enlighten your ignorance, though you don't deserve it. The move you complain of (P takes P, *en passé*, in a two mover) is sanctioned by all first-class authorities, including Klett, the author of the composition you criticise. We must rebuke your impudence. It is intolerable that you, destitute (so far as we know) even of a suburban reputation in chess circles, should presume to sit in judgment on men who are acknowledged masters of their craft. We must punish your spite: no, we prefer to forgive it, but only on the condition of your answering this question—"Before writing to us were you not sent for? Was it (the writing to us) your own inclining?" We always return good for evil, so here is our advice—"Avoid bad company. Never again criticise problems until you have solved correctly (say a thousand) such as we publish; and, above all things, happy thought, for which we are indebted to you, and thank you, write no more letters to us 'unless you can write better.'"

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 200 BY R.D., S.E., W.M., AND JUVENIS ARE CORRECT.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 201 BY TALLINGTON, VICAR, "SOLVED WITHOUT A BOARD," WHICH IS THE PROPER WAY, AND D. L. A. (CORK), ARE CORRECT.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 195.  
 WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. B to Q R 4 Any move.  
 2. Q or Kt mates.

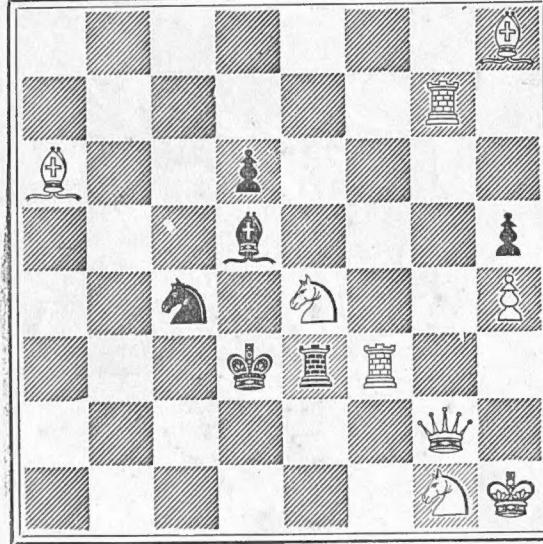
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 196.  
 WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. R to Q R 5 P takes Kt, or (a)  
 2. Q to R 4 (mate) Kt to K 4, or R to K 4  
 (a) 1. .....  
 2. Kt to Q 5 (mate).

## PROBLEM 202.

ONE OF THE COMPETING PROBLEMS IN THE LOWENTHAL TOURNEY NOW PROGRESSING:—

MOTTO—"Trelawney: And have they fixed the where and when."]

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

WE HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN PLACING BEFORE OUR READERS THE FOLLOWING GAME, PLAYED LAST WEEK AT SIMPSON'S DIVAN BETWEEN CAPTAIN MACKENZIE AND A STRONG AMATEUR; THE FORMER GIVING THE ODDS OF Q KT:—

[Evans Gambit.]

(Remove White's Q KT.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Capt. Mackenzie)	(Mr. R. M.)	(Capt. Mackenzie)	(Mr. R. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. B takes Kt	K takes B (c)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. R to K 3	P to Q R 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	18. B to R 4	B to K 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P	19. B takes Kt	P takes B
5. P to B 3	B to B 4	20. Q to R 4	B to Kt 3
6. Castles	P to Q 3	21. R takes B P	K to R to Q Kt sq
7. P to Q 4	P takes P	22. Q to R 3 (ch) (d) K to K sq	
8. P takes P	R to Kt 3	23. K R to B 3	Q to K 2
9. R to K sq (a)	Kt to R 4 (b)	24. Q to Q B sq	B to Q 2
10. P to K 5	P to Q 4	25. P to K 6	B takes R (e)
11. B to Q 3	B to K 3	26. P takes P (ch)	K takes P
12. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 2	27. Kt to K 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
13. B to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q B 3	28. Kt takes B	Q to K B 3
14. B to Kt 5	Kt to K 2	29. R to B 3'	Q to Kt 4
15. R to Q B sq	P to K R 3	30. Q takes Q (f)	P takes Q

WHITE MATES IN TWO MOVES.

(a) By no means fiercely aggressive, yet a commendable mode of continuing the attack against an inferior player, inasmuch as it is unbroken.

(b) Seemingly the best reply.

(c) Forced, for if Q takes B, then W R takes Kt, &c.

(d) White cunningly baits his hook with the "Exchange," as a sprat with a salmon may be caught.

(e) B takes P, would have avoided difficulties and saved anxiety; but Black's Bishop evidently considered himself bound in honour to carry out his original intention of sacrificing his own life for that of the Rook.

(f) The ending is very pretty.

The following game was played last month in the Counties Chess Association Tourney between the Rev. S. W. Earshaw and Mr. Fisher.

[Ruy Lopez.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Earshaw)	(Mr. Fisher)	(Mr. Earshaw)	(Mr. Fisher)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. B takes B	Q to Q 3
3. B to K 5	P to Q R 3	21. B to K 3	Q R to Q sq
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3 (a)	22. Q to B 2	Q to K 4
5. P to K R 3 (b)	Kt to B 3	23. B takes Kt	P takes B
6. P to Q 3	B to K 2	24. K to Kt 2	B to Kt 4
7. P to B 3	Castles	25. R to Q R 3	B takes R
8. Q Kt to Q 2	P to R 3	26. R takes B	R takes R
9. Kt to K B sq (c)	Kt to K R 2	27. P takes R	Kt to Kt 4
10. P to K 4	B to B 3	28. R to B sq	R to K B sq
11. Kt to K 3 (d)	Q Kt to K 2	29. Q to Q sq	Q to K 5
12. B to B 2	P to Q 4	30. Q to K 2	K to R 2
13. P to Q 4 (e)	P takes Q P	31. K to Kt 3	Kt takes Kt
14. B P takes P	P takes P	32. R takes Kt	R to K sq
15. B takes K P	Q Kt to Kt 3	33. Q to K B 2	Q to Q 4
16. P to Q R 4	Q to K 2	34. R to B 4 (f)	Q to Kt 6
17. B to Kt sq	R to K 3	35. K to B 3	Q takes R P
18. K to B sq	P to B 3.	and after several more moves Black won.	

(a) Unnecessarily cramping his position; Kt to B 3 is the usual and best move here.

(b) Weak; P to Q 4 is the proper line of play.

(c) This mode of manoeuvring the Q Kt to the King's side was originally by Mr. Boden.

(d) This Knight ought to have been played to Kt 3, leaving the K 3 square to be occupied by Q B.

(e) Q to K 2 followed by B to Q 2 and castling Q R, would have given him an easier and pleasanter kind of game.

(f) Weak; Q to Q B 2 ought to have enabled him to draw the game. It is but fair towards Mr. Earshaw to mention, that unlike the other competitors in the tourney, he was not accustomed to play with sand glasses, and being occasionally confused by their use, failed to play up to his strength.

## IN KENT WITH THE HOP-PICKERS.

HOPS were introduced into this country, some say from Flanders, in the year 1524, and, as I learn from a quaint old black-letter volume—Reynolde Scot's "Perfite Platorme of a Hoppe Garden"—published in 1574, Kent was even then regarded as a county specially devoted to the growth of hops. Yet hops had enemies, great and many. The old beer-loving Englishmen, whose ancestors had for ages glorified good ale flavoured with ground ivy, honey, and other things, could not take kindly to daringly innovating hops. In 1528 they petitioned against their cultivation and use as "a wicked weed," which dried up the natural juices of the body, and made men melancholy. Those sages of London city, then, as now, active for good and profound in wisdom, the Court of Common Council, also petitioned against the use of hops, "in regard that they would spoil the taste of the drink, and endanger the people." Henry VI. forbade their use and cultivation on equally good grounds. Henry VIII. ordered his brewer to put no more hops in the royal beer, and inflicted severe penalties upon other brewers for using them. So that hops had a bad time of it in those days. Nevertheless, in the reign of the sixth Edward hops were generally adopted, and Kent was triumphant as the place of their growth. My business, however, is not with hops, but with their pickers.

London at two o'clock in the morning, the hour at which the hop-pickers train is advertised to start, is hazy and gloomy, under a damp and heavy canopy of smoke. The lamps on the railway platform shed a dim blare light on a great crowd of restless people, which every moment becomes more dense and more noisy. A motley and curious crowd it is! Men, women, and children of all ages; feeble old folks in the last stages of their career; squalling babies, their existence yet numbered by days and weeks; boys and girls of tender years; boys and girls who are nearly men and women; neat and clean; dirty and ragged; foul of tongue and drunken; sensible of speech and sober; decent and indecent. Such a crowd you never saw before in connection with anything but hop-picking. They are labourers out of work; sick folks newly come from the hospitals; factory girls, and the *omnium gatherum* of people of all kinds and conditions who can find nothing better to do. Here are clerks out of work, shabby but decent. Here are thieves driven reluctantly from London's fever-haunted back slums by fear of starvation and the police, who will taint the sweet pure air of the pretty Kentish hop-gardens with sportive beastliness swearing and blaspheming, accompanied by the lowest class of prostitutes who will add thereto the odour of their dirt, and gin-perfumed breath. Disgusted you shrink instinctively from the latter's coarse, discoloured, repulsive, and bloated faces, to mark with sympathising interest other faces, pale, thin, and careworn, with a world of patient suffering and anxious care chronicled in their lines and hollows, or looking mournfully out at you from sunken eyes. Some are maudlin drunk, some are quarrelsome so; others are wild with genuine delight at the holiday-like and novel prospect before them; and some are grumbling or whining miserably. And then the bundles and baskets, and sacks, and beds, and bags! the little heaps of pails and stone bottles, pots and kettles, the huge old-fashioned hook-handled umbrellas, looking like gigantic stale old lettuce tied up for sale! All these things, seen in the dim gas-light, make up a whole, which, as I said before, can only be seen where hop-picking is concerned.

At last the noisy, stinking, foul-mouthed, living mass, with all its bag and baggage, is stowed away in the various carriages, and the train goes rattling and hissing out into the fresh air. The fares are so low that the economical railway company cannot afford to give them lights, and so in darkness they travel, screaming and laughing, screeching and roaring out scraps of songs, swearing, and indulging in practical jokes, of which perhaps the least said the better, until the hazy autumnal light peeps in upon them, and the fresh, sweet air of early morning creeps softly around them with reprobating intentions.

The turmoil and confusion is renewed at the stations on the way, and the inhabitants of silent little country towns and villages and outlying farm-houses are startled from their slumbers by the noises they make in passing through. Here they are objects of disgust and terror—necessary evils, feared, yet invited; contemptuously called "foreigners"—at once the Kentish farmers' hope and dread. They come not only from London, but from all parts of the country. The spring hay-cutters and the summer reapers of corn take to hopping in the autumn. Even fishermen come from the sea to gather golden clusters for the canvas hop-bins, bringing wives and children, bed and baggage, with them, like the rest.

In the hop-field or garden they are just what they have been all along, only somehow or another a filtering has taken place, the quiet, decent pickers having got apart, the rougher and more noisy birds of a feather having also flocked together. Here the man with the hop-dog, a curiously-named instrument combining the double office of knife and hook, is hard at work, cutting the bines near the root, and aided by the hook, raising the pole, until, loosening the earth about it by a sudden pull, he sets it free. The pickers eagerly seize these, and placing them across the rail fall nimbly to their work of plucking off the yellow flowers to fill the bins, throwing the poles with their picturesque garlands of twining tendrils and broad leaves beside them, as one by one they are stripped of their precious fruit.

But it is amongst the "home-pickers"—residents in the locality—that the hop-garden is a pleasant and picturesque sight. Some of the farmers employ no others, and all are glad to give them the preference. Only the home element is small, and the "foreign" will not, of course, blend kindly with it. It's astonishing what a number of pretty, nicely-speaking, well-dressed, and sometimes refined and elegant girls, women, and children you can find amongst these home-pickers. They are nearly all immediate neighbours and friends. There is a pleasant murmur of chatting, and a more pleasant ripple of laughter going on with the picking, strongly in contrast with the repulsive outbursts of vice and immorality, brutal acts, and beastly language which disgrace the terrible "foreigner." When the home pickers go quietly to cottages or farm-houses to enjoy supper and bed in snug little nests of rooms adorned with all sorts of humble ornaments, and pious texts on illuminated cards, the tired "foreigner" creeps into his hut, after a gipsy-like meal in the chilly autumnal air, leaving the fire which has cooked it still burning, to sleep on hay or straw, listening perhaps to the breath of too early winter with realisation or expectation of a storm; or he finds refuge, with his wife and family, in one of the little, square, brick, windowless, chimneyless cells, of which he has the key as temporary owner in common with other occupants of the long row of similar cells which have been open and empty all the year before awaiting their return. In these, or in huts, or stables, or tumble-down outhouses, the "foreigners" crowd to eat, drink, smoke, cook, and sleep. They overcrowd all the inns and lodging-houses, and

often sleep under hedges or in dry ditches for want of other accommodation. They wash themselves and their clothes in the neighbouring ponds and rivers, and have seldom more of the latter than they "stand up in." On Saturday night they swoop down upon the little village shops, where the goods have been shamelessly raised in price for their purchasing, and where they struggle and fight to be served, and wind up with drunken sprees and riots at the inns which will be spoken of indignantly or shudderingly remembered as a kind of nightmare, long after their absence has restored the slumberous solitude and orderly quietude, which they have so rudely disturbed. A. H. W.

## SPORT AND THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, August 27th, 1878.

*Olivia* was the attraction selected for the opening of the "preliminary season" at the Union Square Theatre. Miss Fanny Davenport, having purchased the right of its production in America, through French and Son, played *Olivia*. Miss Davenport should transfer the right to play *Olivia* to some other female, and purchase something in her own line. I don't know where I could lay my hands on a better Ruth Tredgett than is Miss Fanny Davenport. Large of frame, solid of proportions, muscular in appearance, one can imagine her as Ruth Tredgett, but never as *Olivia*. A man might as well expect to make use of his bovine favourite as a carrier dove. The carrier dove may do wrong, may disentitle itself by such wrong-doing to be used as a carrier dove, but it is still one nevertheless. *Olivia* is nearer a carrier dove in her emotions than a bovine favourite. Miss Davenport struggles with the lines, and interprets them according to her own fleshly understanding of them, but she is not *Olivia*. Except Charles Fisher, who plays the Vicar, and Linda Dietz who plays Sophie, there is nobody in the cast that one remembers. They are not even bad enough even to think of.

For this and one other reason *Olivia* has failed in New York. The other reason is, that Union-square audiences have been spoiled for this sort of play. They have been fed since the formation of the theatre on such diet as *Led Astray*, *Two Orphans*, *Rose Michel*, *Seraphine*, *Celebrated Case*, and they can't gulp *Olivia* with any relish. They have been indulging in too repeated draughts of absinthe and brandy, to come down to milk and water. And they don't come. Even with a systematic papering of the house they can't fill it.

Kate Claxton has sub-let the Lyceum, after engaging a company for it, to Den Thompson, who will open September 2, with his specialty of *Joshua Whitcombe*.

Augustin Daly could not raise the 3000 dols. required by Mr. Banvard as an advance, and Messrs. Fulton and Edgar secured the lease. Ada Cavendish will be the first unfortunate who will play in it. Then Rose Eytting will try a fortnight there, if it lasts so long.

Jeffrys-Lewis astonished her friends in the East by announcing her marriage in San Francisco with a Mr. Maitland of that city. Mr. Maitland, it is stated, like one of Bret Harte's heroes is "an ornery, no account man," and much regret is experienced at the lady's untimely taking off.

All that was left of poor Harry Montague we laid away quietly in Greenwood the other day. The burial service of the Episcopal Church was read in the "little church round the corner" by the Rev. Mr. Houghton, and when it was concluded the pastor in a few unexpected words paid a glowing tribute to him who lay in the chancel in the closed coffin, and

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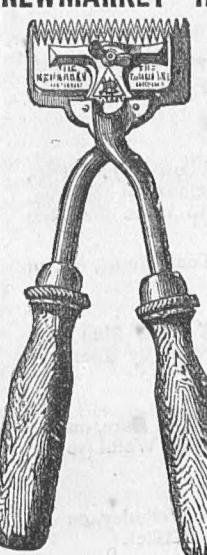
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SALE TO BEGIN at 1.30.

*Shelter will be provided in case of Wet Weather.*

BELHUS is four miles from Rainham and five miles from Grays (stations on the London, Tilbury, & Southend Railway); and seven miles from Romford, on Great Eastern Railway. The train leaving Fenchurch-street Station at 10.50 will stop at Rainham on the day of the Sale.

THE Horses will be on view to the public on Monday and Tuesday the 16th and 17th of September, and on the morning of the day of the Sale up to 12 o'clock; and will be shown by appointment on any day after Thursday the 5th of September.

THE Horses will NOT BE SHOWN on Wednesday the 18th of September.

THE Horses can be examined before the Sale by any Veterinary Surgeon.

### CATALOGUE.

*The following Descriptions of the various Lots are given for the information of intending Buyers, and not in any case as a Warranty.*

*The Hunters are warranted SOUND IN THE WIND AND EYES, but no other Warranty is given.*

1. VILLAGER, Bay Gelding, up to 13 stone; very quiet and clever; a very nice hack, and carried a lady hunting last season.
2. REPLEVIN, by Will Scarlett, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; very temperate and handy, and a very fine jumper; would make a good charger.
3. MELISSA, Chestnut Mare, up to 12 stone; very clever in a cramped or blind country; a very good hack; has been constantly ridden with troops, and carries a lady.
4. ZAZEL, Chestnut Mare, up to 13 stone; a very free bold mare, and a tremendous jumper; a good and very sharp hack, and has carried a lady.
5. OLIVIA, Chestnut Mare, well up to 14 stone; extraordinarily clever, perfect in any country; an excellent hack, and perfect to carry a lady either hunting or on the road.
6. SALINS, Chestnut Gelding, weight carrier; very quiet and temperate; a magnificent jumper, and very clever; has carried 17 stone all the summer in London; carries a lady.
7. NICOSIA, Chestnut Mare, by Baron Cavendish, up to 14 stone; very good-looking; very clever and handy, and perfect to carry a lady hunting or on the road.
8. LESBIA, Chestnut Mare, weight-carrier; bought in the name of Crocus at the sale of horses belonging to G. S. Williams, Esq., of the 8th Hussars; well-known as a first-rate performer over the Vale of Aylesbury; very pleasant to ride, and carries a lady.
9. SIR WALTER, Bay Gelding, weight-carrier; a good fencer and very fine mover, and would make a good charger for a heavy man.
10. HAWTHORN, Black Gelding, by John Davis, 4 years old; winner of two first prizes at hunter shows in Yorkshire; a very handsome horse; has been hunted a few times, and is a clever and very careful fencer; would make a very handsome charger for a light man; wants a little more making, and is not fit for a bad or nervous rider; likely to win hunt or garrison steeplechases.
11. WARWICK, by Neville, Bay Gelding, up to 13 stone; very fast and a fine fencer; a grand jumper, both at timber and wide places; a capital hack, and very pleasant to ride; carries a lady.
12. BALLINTOPPIN, Bay Gelding, weight-carrier; perfect in a bank or stone-wall country; very temperate and clever.
13. RINGLEADER, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 stone; a very well-bred, sharp, clever horse, and a bold fencer; a particularly pleasant hack, and has constantly carried ladies on the road; not fit for a very nervous lady, nor for one who does not ride pretty well.
14. MANTRAP, by Gin, Chestnut Gelding, up to 12 stone; very fast, a fine fencer, and very clever; likely to win hunt or garrison steeplechases; carries a lady.
15. GLENDALOUD, by Blarney, Black Gelding, weight-carrier; very quiet and steady, and a very clever fencer.
16. TRALEE, Black Gelding; very fast and temperate, and a fine jumper; has beautiful action, and would make a handsome charger for a middle-weight; carries a lady on the road.
17. CONGRESS, Gray Gelding, up to 13 stone; nearly thoroughbred; very fast, clever, and quiet, and can go in any country; carries a lady.
18. ORANGEMAN, Brown Gelding, up to 13 stone; a very fine fencer, and a free bold horse; a capital hack, and has been constantly ridden with troops; carries a lady on the road.
19. SUNBURST, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; nearly thoroughbred; a very brilliant horse, and clever enough for any country; a particularly pleasant horse to ride; perfect to carry a lady hunting.
20. NANCY LEE, Brown Mare, up to 13 or 14 stone; a very handsome mare and a good performer.
21. LEINSTER, Gray Gelding, weight-carrier; very temperate and clever, and a great jumper; has carried a lady hunting; is good enough to carry the best man, and perfect for any very nervous man or woman, or to teach anyone to ride hunting.
22. COLUMBA, by Volturno, Gray Mare, up to 14 stone; fast, a very fine jumper, and very clever; handsome enough for a charger in the Scots Greys; a good hack and a hunter for a lady.
23. CARLOW, Gray Gelding, a weight-carrier; a very fine timber jumper, and one of the cleverest horses possible in any country; very temperate and handy; has been working in double harness the whole summer with the next horse.
24. BASING, Gray Gelding, a weight-carrier; fast, temperate, and very clever; has constantly carried in turn a 15-stone man and a 7-stone lady hunting; has been regularly ridden with troops, and has worked in double harness the whole summer with the last horse.
25. CHARON, Gray Gelding, up to 14 stone; a very safe timber jumper, and particularly temperate and clever; fit for anyone to learn to ride hunting on; carries a lady.
26. INDEX, Brown Gelding, by Deerfoot, out of Queen of Diamonds, up to 13 or 14 stone; winner of several steeplechases; very clever, and handy to ride in the most difficult country.
27. BIANCONI, Gray Gelding; weight-carrier; well bred; very quiet; very clever in a cramped country; goes in harness.
28. DUNLEER, Bay Gelding, by Master Bagot, up to 14 stone; a very strong active horse; a fine and clever fencer; likely to win country steeplechases; can go in any country, but is not fit for any but a good rider.
29. COGNOVIT, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 stone; extraordinarily clever and handy, and a very fine jumper; goes in harness.
30. ELAINE, by Lothario (son of King Tom), up to 13 stone; a fine timber jumper and very clever in a bank country; exceptionally quiet; has carried a little girl all the summer; perfect to carry a lady or a boy hunting.
31. SHAMROCK, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; very temperate; clever in any country, and fit for any inexperienced person to ride hunting on; a very good hack and quiet in harness; perfect to carry a lady hunting or on the road.
32. FERMOY, Brown Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; a bold good fencer, and very clever in a bank country; a very fine horse to ride.
33. THE BLACK PEARL, Black Mare, up to 12 or 13 stone; winner of three steeplechases over the banks at Townsend, in Cornwall; wonderfully clever, and a great jumper; perfect to carry a lady or a boy hunting; constantly carries a little girl.
34. FLIRT, Bay Mare Pony, about 14h. 2in. high; nearly thoroughbred; bred in America, by Rouble, son of Star Davis, who was by Glencoe out of Picayune, by Medoc, dam by Vandal, son of Rival; one of the prettiest ponies in England; a capital covert hack for about 11 or 12 stone; a very good jumper, very fast, and goes in harness, but is not fit for ladies or children to use.
35. DUODECIMO, Chestnut Gelding; a pony about 13h. 3in. high, up to weight; a capital hack and boy's hunter; very quiet, and constantly carries a little girl; fast and showy in harness.

### BLOOD STOCK.

#### STALLION.

36. MONARCH, 6 years old, by Lord Clifden, out of Microscope, by Magnifier, out of Rose Pompon; a very handsome bay horse, and winner of races.  
Reserve price 100 guineas.

#### YEARLING.

WITH NO ENGAGEMENTS.

37. Bay Yearling Colt by Vespasian, out of Mona, by Amsterdam.  
Reserve price 40 guineas.

Reserve price 100 guineas.

38. Brown Yearling Filly, by Rosicrucian, out of Ærolite, by Thunderbolt, out of Miss Hinda, by Jericho.  
Reserve price 100 guineas.

Reserve price 100 guineas.

39. Chestnut Yearling Filly, by Scottish Chief, out of Annette (the dam of Lady Mostyn, Young Fenton, Mistress Fenton, Guildford, &c.), by Scythian (son of Orlando), out of Alice Carneal (Umpire's dam), by Imported Sarpedon.  
Reserve price 150 guineas.

40. Bay Yearling Filly, by Prince Charlie, out of Mainhatch, by Mainstone, out of Alice Maud, by Arthur Wellesley, out of Royalty, by Bay Middleton, her dam Hoyden, by Tomboy.  
Reserve price 100 guineas.

#### BROOD MARES.

The Brood Mares are all believed to be in Foal, and they are sold on the following condition, viz.—That if the Purchaser of either of the Mares choose to leave her at Belhus, at the usual charge for foaling Mares, viz., One Guinea a week, and the Mare turn out not to be in Foal, the seller shall return £20 to the buyer.

41. PIMPLEA (1868), by Wild Dayrell, out of Spots, by Motley (son of Touchstone), out of Vermicelli, by Melbourne—Whisker; covered by Preakness.  
Reserve price 85 guineas.

42. JOYCE (1875), by Typhoeus, out of Mainhatch, by Mainstone, out of Alice Maud, by Arthur Wellesley, out of Royalty, by Bay Middleton, her dam Hoyden, by Tomboy; covered by Prince Charlie.  
Reserve price 150 guineas.

43. CHLOROFORM (1875), by Scottish Chief, out of Pharmacopœia, by The Cure, out of Redbreast, by Redshank, out of Lady Day, by St. Hubert, out of Care, by Woful (son of Waxy); covered by Prince Charlie.  
Reserve price 200 guineas.

44. ALPINE (1874), by Young Melbourne, out of Alice Maud, by Arthur Wellesley, out of Royalty, by Bay Middleton, her dam Hoyden, by Tomboy; covered by Kisber.  
Reserve price 60 guineas.